The Outlook

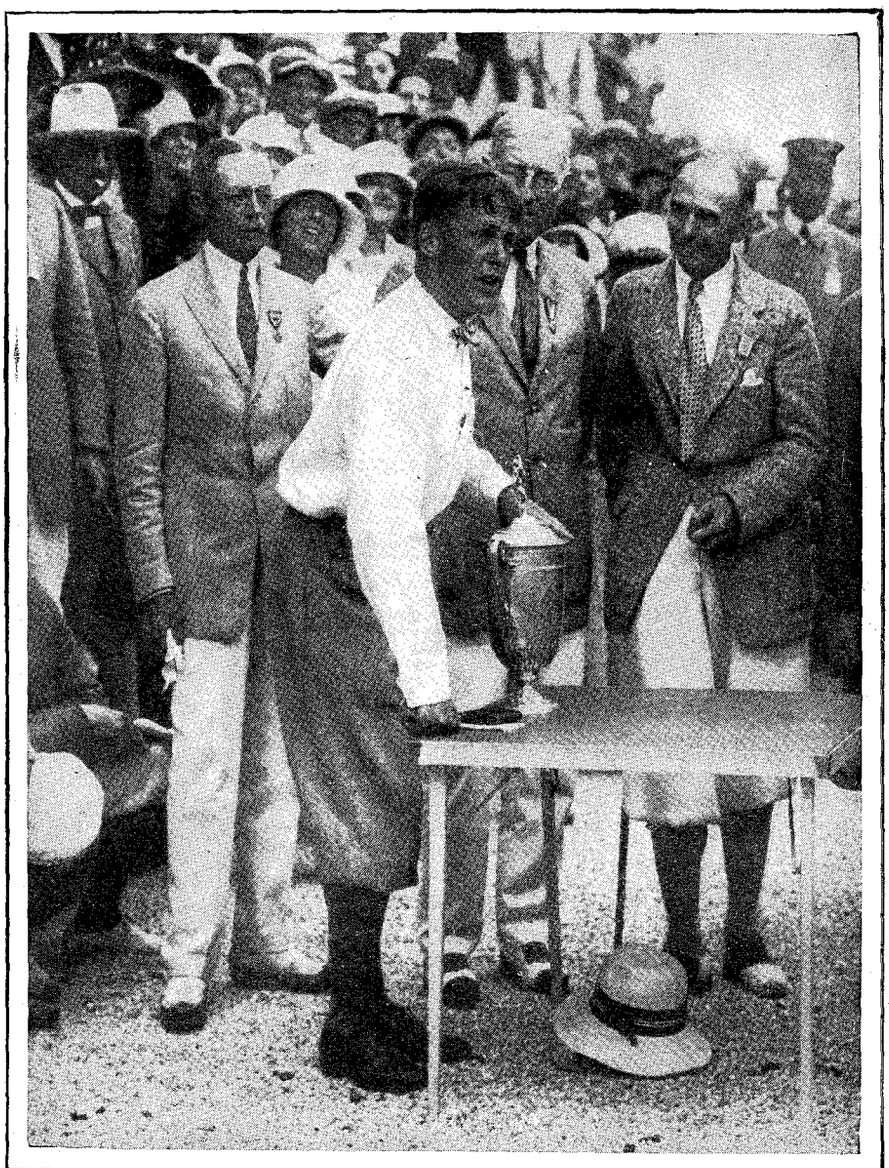
JULY 25, 1923

AN OPEN CHAMPION OF TWENTY-ONE

THREE times in the history of American golf the National open champion has been an amateur. Ouimet, Travers, and Evans have been the only ones to win against professional competition. Now a new name is added to that brief list—Robert Jones, of Atlanta, Georgia, now an undergraduate at Harvard. Jones first came into National golfing prominence when in 1916, at the age of fourteen, he led the field in the first day's qualifying round of the National amateur tournament.

During the last three open tournaments he has been steadily advancing towards the top. He has been a formidable contender in every open tournament which he has entered. In this year's tournament he tied with Robert A. Cruickshank, a former Scottish amateur star who became a professional three years ago. In the play-off with Cruickshank, Jones made a remarkable recovery from the rough on the eighteenth hole, which won him the match. It was a two-hundred-yard iron which stopped two club lengths from the hole.

If Cruickshank had won, it would have meant many thousands of dollars in his pocket, but this fact did not dampen his enthusiasm for Jones's remarkable playing. "He is Harry Vardon at his best," said Cruickshank, "or better than that." Bobby Jones's victory is a deservedly popular one, for his triumph has finally come to him as a result of a self-development which is more than physical.



Levick

ROBERT JONES, AMERICAN OPEN GOLF CHAMPION

THE ALASKAN TANGLE

NEWSPAPER despatches from Alaska tell of dissensions and quarrels which have marred the pleasure of the President's trip to the Great Territory. According to a despatch to the New York "Tribune," it is charged that the Guggenheim interests are working against the success of the Alaskan Government, and that a railway and real estate clique is working with them, with plans so ambitious that they include the shifting of the capital of Alaska from Juneau to Anchorage. The Outlook has telegraphed to Sherman Rogers, who is now on his way to Juneau, for the facts in the case. It is hoped that we may have telegraphic correspondence from Mr. Rogers in time for our next week's issue.

AN EXCUSE FOR EXTRAVAGANCE?

THE public debt of the United States was reduced by $613,674,342 during the fiscal year which ended with the last day of last month. The total of the gross debt remaining unpaid is $22,349,707,365. During the fiscal year the Government lived well within its income. Receipts exceeded expenditures by $309,657,460. In other words, that amount of money was saved during the year. It lacks only a few dollars comparatively—less than half a million—of equaling the saving estimated in advance by the Bureau of the Budget.

Substantial as this saving is, Senator Smoot, who will be Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee in the next Congress, announced on the day following publication of the Treasury statement that he is opposed to any reduction in taxation. He thinks it

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would be an unwise Government policy to undertake reduction so soon after the excellent showing of the past fiscal year. The war debt, in his opinion, has not been reduced sufficiently to justify it. He foresees a great demand for heavy expenditures in the next Congress and predicts that expenditures will be greatly increased next year. A bonus law, he predicts, will be enacted, and passed over the President's veto if he disapproves it. He thinks it is probable also that expenditures will be considerably increased by the passage of a public buildings bill.

We hope that Senator Smoot's expectations will not be fulfilled. Economy should not be practiced in order to provide for new extravagance. Special interests, however, are always ready for raids on the Treasury when any money is in sight. The common interest, which requires the protection of the Treasury, cannot be served if public opinion remains lethargic when such raids are in prospect.

THE HIGH COST OF EATING

BREAKFAST, dinner, and supper cost considerably more than they did ten years ago. The increase in the retail cost of food since 1913, taking the country as a whole, is about forty-six per cent.

The percentage of increase is based on the average of the increases in the cities of the country selected as typical by the Bureau of Labor Statistics, United States Department of Labor. The largest increase, fifty-six per cent, is shown by Richmond, Virginia. The smallest, thirty-one per cent, is shown by Portland, Oregon. Detroit and New York are next to the highest, and Los Angeles and Denver next to the lowest. Midway of the list are such cities as St. Louis and Atlanta. Indications are, therefore, that the increase in food costs has been greatest along the Atlantic seaboard, least on the Pacific slope, and has ranged between the two in the interior. The Bureau of Labor Statistics, however, has not published an analysis of the figures on this basis. Such an analysis would probably show many exceptions to the rule.

Despite the steep ten-year climb, retail food costs are not yet, apparently, at the peak. From May 15 to June 15 of this year about eighty per cent of the selected cities showed increases ranging from three per cent to less than one-half of one per cent. During the year from June 15, 1922, to June 15, 1923, more than ninety-five per cent of the selected cities showed increases, the greatest being seven per cent, and the smallest less than one-half of one per cent. A single city, St. Paul, showed a decrease of one per cent. The fairly regular geographical variation shown for the ten-year period does not apply either to the past year or to the last month for which Governmental statistics are available.

It is apparent that the ordinary family will continue to find it expensive, comparatively, to have breakfast, dinner, and supper every day. The wise householder will make his budget accordingly.

MATERNAL GOVERNMENT

GOVERNMENT is no longer considered merely repressive. Its function is no longer only that of preventing crime and protecting persons and property from injury. Though it still must wield the big stick when occasion requires, and a very expensive big stick at that, it wields other instruments more constructively. Its chief symbol may be the policeman, but if that is so it is because the police are no longer merely restrainers of crime, but also promoters of welfare. Government is ceasing to be merely paternal even in the best sense, performing the function of the good father of a family who protects the home and disciplines the children; it can be said that it is becoming in an equally good sense maternal as well.

This is illustrated by the story of mothers' pensions in forty-two States which is told in a report from the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor.

Special study was made in various types of communities, ranging from the large city to the rural county. In none of the communities did the work of the officials administering the pensions consist simply in the giving of money. The effort of the agencies was to bring the families up to par physically, to suggest the best methods of household management, to advise about the recreation of children, and to act as friends of the usually lonely mother.

In ninety-five per cent of the families assisted the father was either dead or ill. Ninety-three per cent of the fathers had earned less than $35 a week. Often the mothers and children had suffered through low standards of living even before the illness or death of the father. Many of the families needed advice as to food and general hygiene.

Extravagance apparently had no place in the family budgets summarized in the report. Food estimates for a woman or girl over sixteen years of age varied from $12.35 to $9.78 a month. Estimates for clothing for a woman at home ranged from $5.75 to $2 a month. Estimates for children ran somewhat lower. The aid granted was supposed to cover the difference between the estimated necessary family budget, which was carefully drawn up, and the family income. In six States, however, a maximum fixed by State law was encountered, and the administrative authorities could not exceed it, of course, no matter how great the need.

Results are summed up in the phrases, "Broken homes mended, mothers saved from the loss of their children, children assured a better chance in life."

FOR NATIONAL FOREST LANDS IN THE EASTERN STATES

THE National Lumber Manufacturers Association has petitioned General Lord, Director of the Budget, to restore to the Budget for future years the annual appropriation of two million dollars for the purchase of National forest lands in the East, under the Weeks Law of 1911. The plan of the National Forest Reservation Commission calls for the purchase of seven million acres of forest lands on the watersheds of the Appalachians, but purchases thus far made total only two million acres. Recently, as an economy measure, the annual appropriation has been dropped from the budget. This the National Lumber Manufacturers Association does not regard as real economy.

It is their belief, says the letter to General Lord, that the restoration of the appropriation would turn out to be a profitable investment, "as it has been heretofore, as the facts available to you touching purchases already made will show." The view of the lumber industry is that it cannot be reasonably expected that private enterprise will keep these lands in forest productivity. Fire hazard, financial risks, the tax burden, and the long wait for income are said to make this impossible. "The adequate solution of the forestry problem," the letter continues, "demands that the agencies of the public, both Federal and State, acquire

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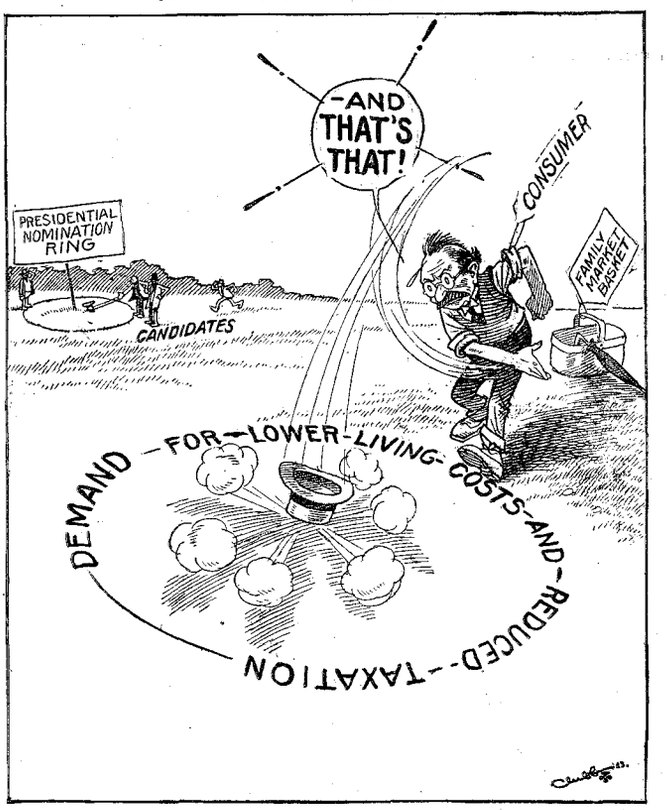
THOU NE'ER PUT'ST BACK

(3 Henry VI, Act V, Scene 5)

Knott in the Dallas News

IF SHE EVER FINDS OUT THAT HE'S GOT IT—!

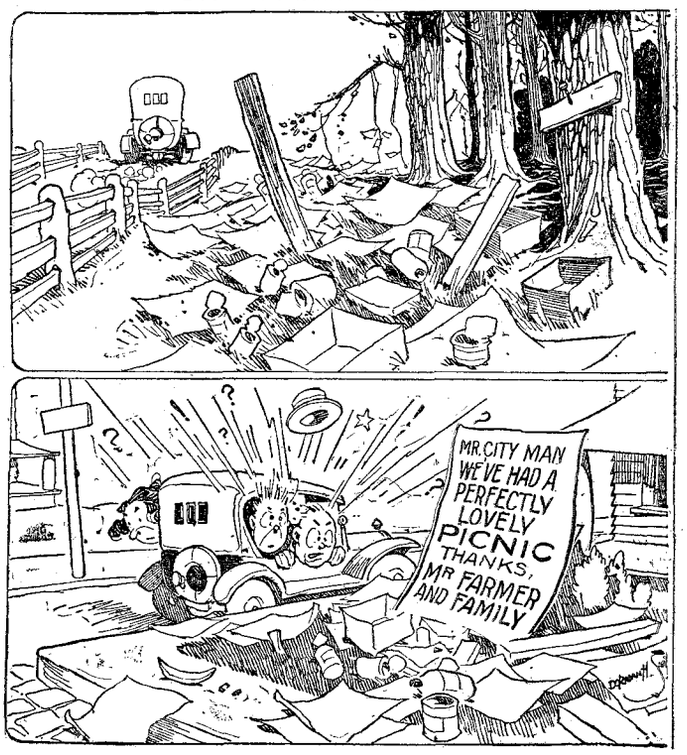
Clubb in the Rochester Herald



A LITTLE RING OF HIS OWN

William E. Roser, Rochester, New York

From the Santa Ana Register



WHAT'S SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE

Miss Margaret Egge, Santa Ana, California

Kuhn in the Indianapolis News

IT'S AMAZING WHAT HE GETS OUT OF THE PAIL

Mrs. Maude Mechem, Madison, Indiana

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holdings of forest lands much larger and much more rapidly than heretofore." "The situation," concludes the appeal, "is of sufficient immediate National concern to warrant suitable and prompt financial provision by Congress."

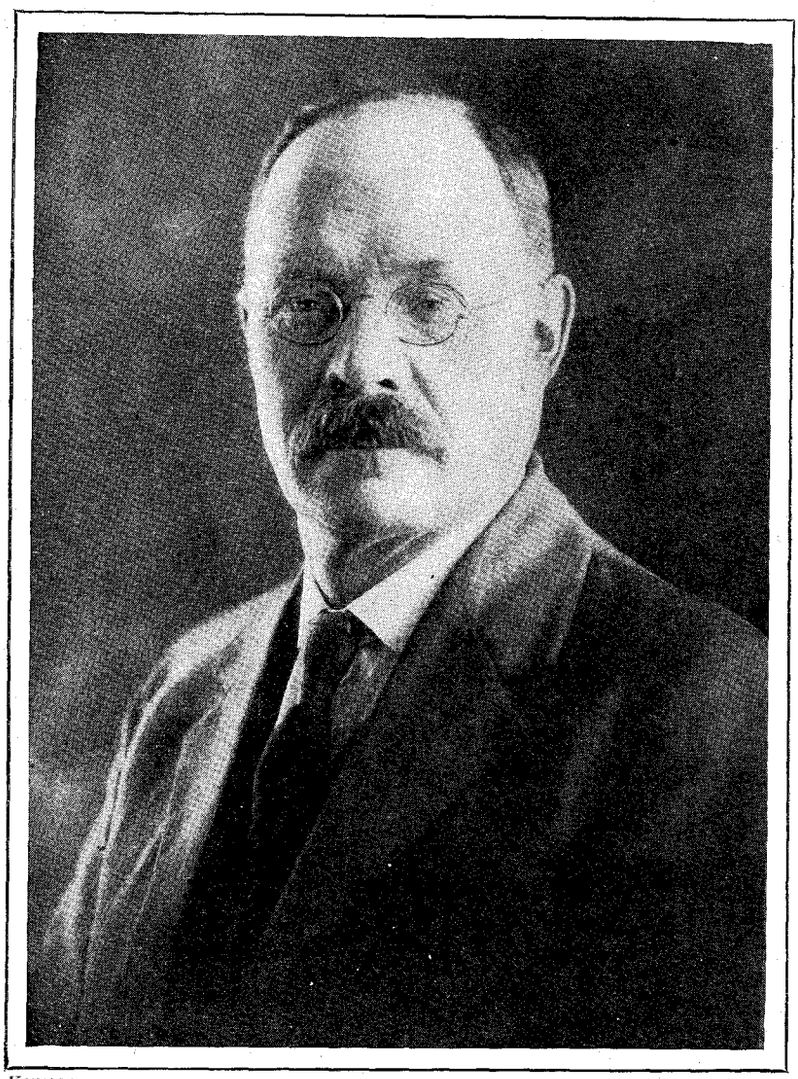
The restoration of the two million dollar annual item to the Budget at this time may or may not be true economy. That is a question for the Administration to determine in connection with all the other financial problems. Conservationists, however, will be gratified to find the lumber manufacturers, who formerly took no interest in the National forest policy, now so strongly supporting it. Though members of the National Lumber Manufacturers Association own eighty per cent of the commercial timberlands in the United States, the letter says that they are interested only to a small extent in the Eastern mountain forest lands which would be eligible to purchase under the Weeks Law.

THE ELECTION OF MAGNUS JOHNSON

To fill the vacancy made by the death of Senator Nelson, Minnesota has chosen a Senator of the Farmer-Labor party.

As we go to press the exact plurality of Senator-elect Magnus Johnson is not yet determined, but there seems to be no doubt that he has beaten Governor Preus in the contest. As we have said of him before, Senator-elect Johnson is, in many respects, typical of numerous people in the Northwest who are Americans by choice. He has worked as mill-hand, lumberjack, and farmer; and has served as assessor, justice of the peace, clerk of the School Board, and a member of the State Senate.

Some of the leading Republicans of Minnesota were frankly against Preus in the course of the contest. On the other hand, Governor Preus had the support of Democrats like Daniel W. Lawler, a leader in his party and a close friend to Justice Butler. Many Minnesota Germans were openly against Magnus Johnson upon the ground that he was not pro-German during the war. They charged him for voting for war measures while in the State Senate. In the pre-election campaign Senator-elect Johnson proved a better crowd gatherer than his Republican opponent. A trusted correspondent of ours in Minnesota writes that the defeat of Preus does not indicate a loss of the State for the Republican party as much as it indicates an opposition to the Republican machine in his State.



Keystone

MAGNUS JOHNSON, SENATOR-ELECT FROM MINNESOTA

It is reported that he remarked concerning his victory over Governor Preus: "I beat that feller. I am in the United States Senate. What do you think of that?"

AMERICA ON THE HIGH SEAS

The National Merchant Marine Association believes that the survival of a real American merchant marine depends upon action by Congress.

Figures are cited by the Association to show that American shipping has touched new bottoms in a progressive decline in its carrying of our foreign commerce. It is admitted that during 1922 the proportion of imports and exports based on values showed a slight increase in favor of American ships, but recent figures are said to show a steady decline. "There is also evidence," says the statement of the Association, "that privately owned American vessels are losing in competition with the Shipping Board's tonnage, and this condition will be accentuated if direct operation of its ships is resorted to by the Government."

Figures are quoted from the Bureau of Research of the Shipping Board covering the first four months of this year and of last year. Shipping Board vessels carried in the overseas trade during the 1923 period 2,505,000 tons, as compared with 2,804,000 tons in the 1922 period, a loss of four per cent. The total for privately owned American vessels decreased from 946,000 tons to 748,000 tons, or twenty-one per cent. The total for British ships increased from 4,022,000 to 4,799,000 tons, or nineteen per cent, while the total for other foreign ships increased from 3,930,000 to 5,054,000 tons, or twenty-eight per cent. The tonnage available was 1,604,000 greater in the 1923 than in the 1922 period, yet American vessels carried 297,000 tons

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less, while foreign ships carried 1,901,000 tons more. Department of Commerce figures are quoted to show that during April of this year the total entrances and clearances of American vessels with cargo aggregated 3,008,000 net tons, as against 3,225,000 net tons in April of last year, while foreign vessels advanced from 4,161,000 net tons in April, 1922, to 4,862,000 net tons in April, 1923.

"It is therefore evident," concludes the statement, "that American ships are carrying a steadily decreasing proportion of our foreign trade, whether viewed from the standpoint of the value of the goods, the volume of cargoes, or vessels securing cargoes."

WHAT'S IN A NAME? WORRY!

THE United States Post Office Department feels called upon to take the public into its confidence as to what it is, mainly, that takes the joy out of life for postal clerks. It is names of post offices—52,000 of them. If the 52,000 post offices had 52,000 names, much of the trouble would disappear, but thousands of them are duplicated, triplicated, some of them mightily multiplied. Forty-three names are used more than twenty times each. That means that there are forty-three post offices of the same name in twenty or more States, for the Post Office Department does not permit duplication of a post office name within State lines. Thirty-one States have each a post office named Franklin, thirty a Clinton, twenty-nine a Chester, twenty-nine an Arlington, twenty-eight a Washington. No name has yet been quite popular enough to be adopted as a post office name in all the States of the Union, and the name of the first Postmaster-General, Franklin, will probably head the list for all time. In this respect the father of the postal service leads the Father of the Country by three post offices.

Presidents all the way down the line of succession are only a little behind Washington in the number of post offices named for them. There are twenty-seven Madisons, twenty-five Clevelands, twenty-four Lincolns, twenty-four Monroes, twenty-three Wilsons, thirteen Roosevelts, fifteen Adamses, twelve Tafts, and five Hardings. Some of these towns, however, were not actually named in honor of the Presidents.

Actual duplication in numerous States is less troublesome than similarity of post office names within the same State. The most aggravated case is that of Pennsylvania post offices which bear the prefix "Green." There are thirteen of them. It is good to know of course that Penn's woods are still verdant even in the Postal Guide, but the fact adds to the hot-weather worries of the postal clerks.

A DECREASE IN LYNCHING

AT the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, in its Department of Records and Research, in charge of Monroe N. Work, statistics of lynchings are regularly compiled.

The record for the first six months of this year is a very great improvement over that of a year ago, and even a greater improvement over that of two years ago. In the first six months of 1921 there were thirty-six lynchings; in the first six months of 1922 there were thirty lynchings; and in the first six months of this year only fifteen lynchings. There is nothing in the record to indicate the reason for this improvement. It may be due to the widespread improvement in race relations; it may be due to a growing sense of the futility of lynching as a remedy for anything; and it may be due to the fact that if municipal and State authorities throughout the country, and especially in the South, where the great majority of lynchings occurred, do not take measures of prevention public opinion will ultimately demand action on the part of the Federal Government.

For the decrease in lynchings Tuskegee Institute offers no explanation; it simply reports the fact of the decrease, and classifies the lynchings as follows:

> Of those lynched, two were whites and thirteen were Negroes. One of the latter was a woman. One of those put to death was charged with the crime of rape. The other offenses charged were: Murder, 2; killing officer of the law, 2; wounding officer of the law, 2; no charge reported, 2; assisting man charged with rape to escape, 1; trying to pass for white, 1; resisting posse searching for man charged with rape, 1; participating in depredations connected with railroad strike, 1; cattle stealing, 1; trying to act like white man and not knowing his place, 1.
>
> The States in which lynchings occurred and the number in each State are as follows: Arkansas, 1; Florida, 7; Georgia, 2; Louisiana, 1; Mississippi, 2; Missouri, 1; and Texas, 1.

If lynching should progressively decrease as this record from Tuskegee seems to give some ground for hoping that it may, the likelihood of enacting such a measure as the Dyer Anti-lynching Bill would also decrease.

The best answer to those who have felt that the United States Government should hold States and counties and municipalities accountable for the failure of their officers to preserve the sanctity of the law would be the arousing of public opinion in the several States and in the several communities to such a degree as to render Federal interference unnecessary.

ENDING THE TWELVE-HOUR DAY

WITHOUT waiting for that "surplus of labor" which both the President of the United States and the Directors of the Iron and Steel Institute, as we recorded last week, seemed to think prerequisite, the United States Steel Corporation is to begin within six weeks its undertaking to abandon the twelve-hour shift.

Judge Elbert H. Gary, Chairman of the Corporation's Board of Directors, is quoted in a pamphlet (which we assume to be authentic, though it bears no publisher's imprint) as saying that he has always been opposed to the twelve-hour shift, but that it is impossible for any one corporation to undertake the abolition of it alone. "The twelve-hour day," Judge Gary says, according to that pamphlet, "was started by the men long before the United States Steel Corporation was organized." The reason they started it was that a man could earn more money in twelve hours than in eight. The choice between twelve and eight was due to the fact that the operation of furnaces in the steel industry has to be continuous, and the choice is between three shifts a day of eight hours each and two of twelve. As has been pointed out in various reports on the subject, the work of the men on the twelve-hour shift is not continuously arduous. Most of the heavy work is done by machinery, but the men have to be on hand for hard work at times. Many foreigners still prefer the twelve-hour day. The objection to it is not that it is oppressive, but that it takes men away from interests and activities, including those of the home, essential to the good citizen. Even now there are, according to the statement attributed to Judge Gary, "very few workmen who are willing to work less hours unless they receive the same, or about the same, amount per day that they were getting for the long hours." Of course everybody would be content if as the result of

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substituting the eight-hour for the twelve-hour shift there would be at least as much wages for the men, as much profits for the industrialists, and as low a price for the product. It is not impossible that in fact all this may be the actual result of the change.

The picture of the employers and managers in the steel industry as grinding, unfeeling taskmasters is largely a picture of the imagination. It is not heartlessness that has been the chief obstacle to the ending of a bad industrial custom which has persisted in this country after its virtual disappearance in several other industrial countries. The real difficulty has been in the slowness of men, both managers and workmen, to realize the evil of the practice and to insist on ending it for their own sakes as well as for the sake of the general welfare.

A NEIGHBOR'S BRAVE DEATH

ONE of the finest of Theodore Roosevelt's sayings is, "Only those are fit to live who do not fear to die." Roosevelt not only said this, but his whole life was lived in the spirit of it. If he were alive to-day, he would have expressed his respect and admiration for the courage with which John M. Siddall faced death.

Mr. Siddall was the editor of the "American Magazine," whose offices are in the building in which The Outlook is housed. He was therefore a neighbor. Quiet, unobtrusive, but a man of definite ideas and a definite purpose in life, he so popularized in the best sense the "American Magazine" during his eight years of service as its editor-in-chief that its circulation increased four or five fold.

He died on July 16 of cancer of the stomach, but kept in the harness until the very last. Although he knew his fate, he never complained of it or talked about it.

He was a graduate of Oberlin and of Harvard University, and began his editorial career as a newspaper reporter, a kind of apprenticeship which has developed a surprisingly large number of successful men, not merely in literature, but in other fields of work. The spirit of the magazine under his influence was that of courage and good cheer, and he wrote a department in it called "Sid Says," which was full of common sense, wise advice, and good humor. He was not a highbrow or a metaphysician, nor did he go into long philosophical discussions about the structure of government and the never-ending problems of man's social relationships. But his editorial work and his writing were wholesome, kindly, and productive of contentment. This is saying a great deal when so much of modern American journalistic literature is the literature of exposure or dissatisfaction.

Photo by Arnold Genthe

JOHN M. SIDDALL

MANITOBA GOES WET

A VERDICT which doubtless will have a far-reaching effect upon the liquor question in Canada, with possible repercussions in this country, was given by the voters of Manitoba recently when they approved by a majority of 30,000 the proposal of the Moderation League to legalize the sale of alcoholic liquors under the control of a Government commission.

Before Manitoba's recent action the commission form of control had been adopted in two other provinces—British Columbia and Quebec—and the success which has seemed to attend the experiment in those provinces, together with the large profits which have accrued yearly to their respective treasuries, has undoubtedly carried much weight with the Manitoba electorate.

Although Manitoba is a great agricultural province, more than fifty per cent of its population of slightly over 600,000 is urban; and it was in the cities that the heaviest vote was polled for the system of control. But the majorities which the prohibition forces counted upon from the country districts to offset the expected reverses in the cities and towns apparently did not materialize. And Manitoba was considered about the safest province in Canada from a dry point of view.

The truth of the matter seems to be that the people of Manitoba, in common with those of many other communities in Canada and elsewhere, are not yet completely in favor of total prohibition. They are unalterably opposed to the saloon; but they are apparently not so generally against the sale of liquor under certain restrictions.

Doubtless the difficulties of enforcing total prohibition and the favorable field which it affords for the activities of the bootlegger, together with the corruption of public officials, which seems to be involved in it, had a considerable influence with the voters.

The Manitoba Temperance Act, prohibiting the sale of liquor except for medicinal and scientific purposes, was passed in 1916 as the result of a referendum at which a total of 76,986 votes was cast, 50,484 for and 26,502 against.

Since then women have been enfranchised, and for this reason, and also because of greater interest, about 240,000 persons were entitled by registration to vote in the recent referendum, of whom a very large percentage exercised the privilege. The result cannot, therefore, be taken other than as a fair indication of the view of the majority.

The "Manitoba Free Press," of Winnipeg, thus interprets the vote:

> The significance of this verdict ought not to be misunderstood. For convenience' sake the public have insisted upon using the terms "wet" and "dry," but the question before the people yesterday was not a definite issue between liquor and temperance. On any such clear-cut issue there would be no question, we think, as to what the decision would be. Those who favored the abolition of restriction on drinking no doubt voted affirmatively; but the votes which gave the Moderation League proposal its majority were cast by men and women who would resent the suggestion that they were friendly to liquor and willing to encourage its use. Many of them are electors who voted the other way in previous referendums. They came by personal experience, or by observation, or as the result of arguments presented to them, to regard the existing law as having failed to bring about the promised reforms and to believe that Government sale of liquor, under the provisions of the Moderation League's measure, offered better guaranties for the control of drinking and better prospects for furthering sobriety among the people.

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POINCARE AND BALDWIN

PERHAPS the present relation between Great Britain and France can be summarized by noting the meaning of the names of the two countries' Prime Ministers. Britain's Baldwin is a "courageous friend." France's Poincaré (*poing carré*) is, at least as it sounds, a "square fist."

There is nothing inconsistent with the utmost friendliness in Mr. Baldwin's statement made in the House of Commons on Thursday, July 12, and repeated in the House of Lords, but in both cases obviously addressed to the French. In substance what he said was this:

Between the Allies the only divergence is one, not of interests, but of opinion as to the methods of obtaining common ends. All agree in seeking settlement and pacification. No "whispers of interested parties" can be allowed to deflect the Allies from their duty. The British have never wavered from their desire that Germany shall "pay up to the amount of her capacity." There is no success possible in asking her to pay beyond that. The British objection to the occupation of the Ruhr has from the beginning been that it "was not calculated to produce the maximum amount of reparation payment for the Allies." The British offer in January was made to avoid what seemed "an economic disaster." Since their offer was refused, the British "have stood aside animated by a spirit of sincere loyalty to the alliance," which continues to be "the main security for European peace." The effect of the occupation of the Ruhr is that the reparation received is less than it was before the occupation, and, such as it is, "is being exacted at the price of the growing dislocation of the German economic system," with a prospect of its "total collapse." Moving toward "economic chaos," Germany is becoming less able to recover her credit and pay her debts. The effect outside of Germany is that other countries pay the price for this condition. "One country pays in steadily falling exchange, another in diminished trade, a third in increasing unemployment." In England's case it is unemployment that is the devastation, and it continues increasingly, and its moral effects spread among the people. "Peace for which so many sacrifices were borne is at stake." "The attitude of the principal parties concerned must be more clearly defined." Britain believes that there will be a general agreement to these propositions:

> That the period of conflict should as soon as possible be terminated.
>
> That the indefinite occupation by one country of the territory of another in time of peace is a phenomenon, rare and regrettable in itself, to which an honorable end should as soon as possible be found;
>
> That the debtor should not merely be called upon to pay his debt, but should be placed in a position where he can do so;
>
> That his capacity, where it is in doubt, should be tested and determined, and that united efforts should be made to accomplish these ends.
>
> Peace will not be finally obtained and recovery will not be insured until a solution has been found to these three great questions. They are:
>
> 1. Payment of reparations;
> 2. Settlement of Inter-Allied debts;
> 3. Security of a pacified Europe.

So far from desiring to deprive France and Belgium of their legal claims, his Majesty's Government wish to "assist them in their realization." As steps to this end the British Government think that Germany's suggestions of an investigation of her capacity to pay and an engagement to pay the amounts thus determined, which she offers to guarantee, should not be ignored or be "treated with indifference," but should be "examined and explored." Since the French and Belgian Governments are not disposed to take the initiative and reply to Germany's proposal, his Majesty's Government "are willing to assume the responsibility of preparing a draft reply" themselves, and will submit it to the Allies for "consideration and remarks," indulging in the hope of an agreement.

In what is regarded as a reply to the Baldwin pronouncement the French Premier reiterated the position of France. As a matter of fact, the speech constituting this supposed reply was, and almost of necessity must have been, prepared mainly before Mr. Baldwin's statement was issued. It is therefore a reply mainly in the sense that anything that really expresses French policy is a reply to anything which really expresses British policy and *vice versa*.

The very setting of this speech was itself a reply.

It was at Senlis that the Germans reached the point of their advance nearest to Paris. There they practiced their usual methods. They burned a part of the town. They took hostages of the civilians and shot them without mercy. Not all their complaints since the war, not all their emotional pleas for the pity which they refused even to the unoffending, can wholly obliterate the remembrance of what they did and what earned them the names of Hun and Boche.

M. Poincaré disclaimed any desire for nurturing hatred or the thought of revenge, or even of keeping lively the memory of such deeds. He did not appeal to the emotions of his hearers, or try to revive in the minds of the British the feelings toward Germany which the British apparently have quite forgotten. He could not, however, speak of the question at issue without at least assuming a knowledge of what the Germans had done on French soil for which the French have a right to reparations. This, in brief, is the course of his thought:

The Treaty of Versailles must not be regarded as an "antediluvian fossil, good only for exhibition before a few astonished visitors in a museum." France, though having a major interest in the reparations under that Treaty has a minority position in the Reparation Commission. Even so, there has been a steady attempt to replace this Commission with international financial committees so constituted as to coalesce against France interests opposed to hers. This is France's reply to the Hughes plan. Concession after concession has been made by France in response to pressure from "friends" who "seemed no longer to have any other thought than to lighten the German debt." France has offered to agree that if Germany pays her debts according to two out of the three classes of bonds arranged for, she will use the third class against Germany only in proportion that her creditors ask her to pay her debts. Has Germany not been well looked after, so well that she defaulted on her obligations and yet has rebuilt her commercial fleet, developed her canals and railways, enriched her industries at the expense of France and other creditors? France does not wish to ruin her debtor or to kick an enemy when he is down, but she no longer wishes to be fooled by the failure of what was promised her in the Treaty—reparations and security. Germany naturally counted on divergence of views among the Allies for escape from her obligations. To hold her to her obligations France has had to act alone, with the co-operation of

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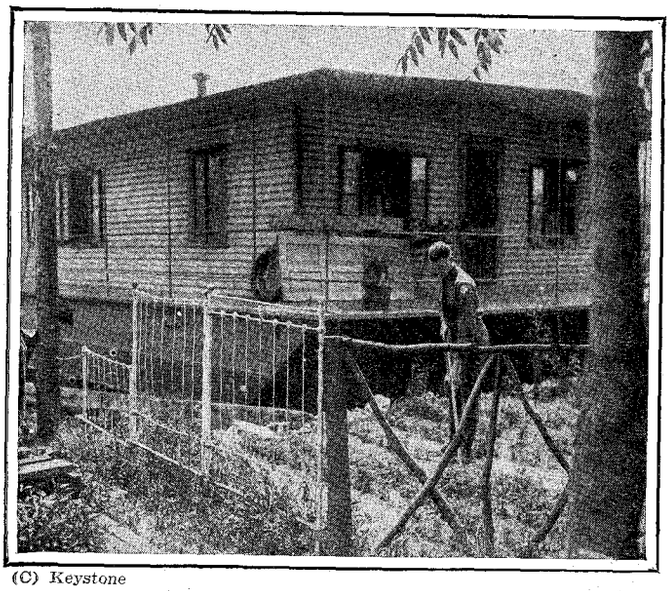

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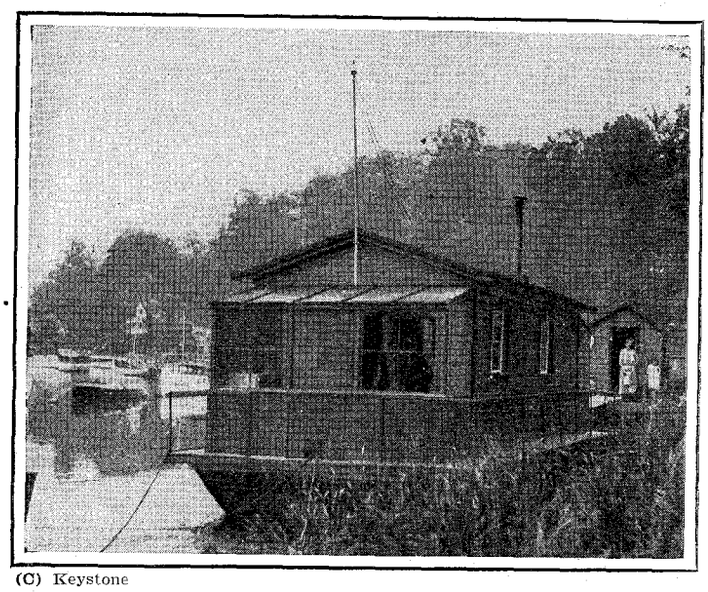

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SOME HOUSE-BOATS LIVE OUT THEIR LIVES TIED UP TO THE BANK, WHILE—

Belgium and the partial co-operation of Italy. If France had not gone into the Ruhr, Germany would still have gone on the way to the abyss which she herself had dug, but France would have been empty-handed. The responsibilities are upon those who violate, not upon those who observe, the Treaty. In defending her own right France is defending the rights of all her allies. It is an insult to say that France is indifferent to the welfare of Europe. To destroy the Treaty would be to destroy the basis upon which the rights of others beside France rest and would bring, not peace, but confusion. It would menace, in particular, such countries as Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Jugoslavia.

France wants Britain's friendship and believes that the British in their point of view are honest. France also believes that on reflection the British will see that France is right. "To see that treaties are executed and pledges respected is a matter not only of honesty but of sagacity and prudence." The "square fist" of Poincaré rests firmly on the table as he responds to the candid advice of his businesslike "courageous friend," Baldwin.

It would be a great mistake to think that this is an issue between two individuals, two politicians. It is an issue between two national states of mind. Great Britain looks at the question as a business proposition. On one side are the debits, on the other side the credits. Total them up and strike a balance. If you follow France's course, your debits will be greater than your credits; if you follow Britain's advice, your credits will be greater than your debits.

In Britain's argument there is no room for the word or even the idea of justice.

This argument between France and Britain will continue until either France is forced to abandon her demand for justice by losing through mere fatigue her will to justice, or until Britain learns that justice cannot be bartered for markets and that perhaps injustice does not pay.

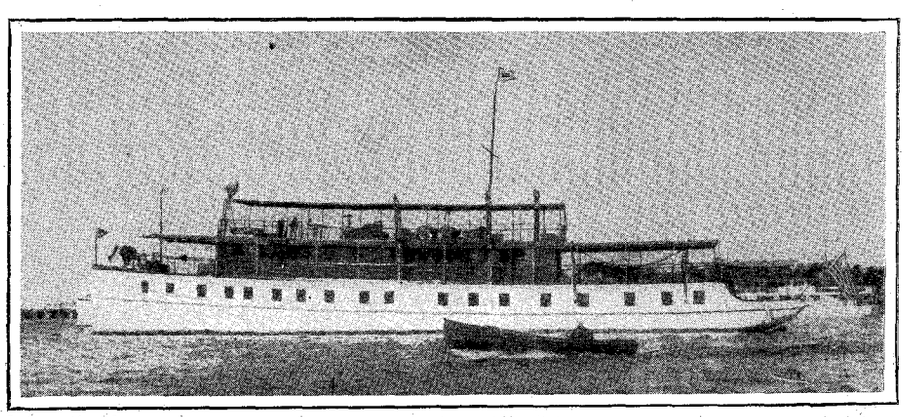
We hope that France will stand firm until America—if not Britain—gains enough in courage and common sense to follow the only policy that will bring justice, and that is a policy of informing Germany repeatedly, patiently, emphatically, that she must make restitution for what she did, and make it without whining about its cost.

HOUSE-BOATS AND SEWERS

AT any lake or seaside resort the cream of the real estate is always shore-front property. Twenty thousand dollars an acre is sometimes the cost of such land on the edge of Long Island Sound, and doubtless that price could be duplicated or approached for the best pieces of shore land on some of the inland lakes not far from cities.

What makes this land valuable is its access to the water, and there are thousands of people who vainly envy the holders of these vantage-points along the shores of our lakes, rivers, and bays. Why is it that so few of those who long to get near the water fail to see that the best and cheapest way to get near the water is to get on the water? House-boats can be built to meet almost every purse from that of the newest Ford owner to the purse of Henry himself. A humble scow bearing such accommodations as its lord and master may desire to pay for, plus a rowboat or a launch, will frequently give any man the same waterscape as the most opulent of millionaires.

Of course there is one drawback to our amphibious suggestion. People can live on water as well as on land, but they sometimes find it a bit inconvenient to live on sewage. And we have chosen to devote all too many of our lakes, streams, and sounds to sewage rather than residence. Bathing



International

—OTHERS ARE FIRST COUSINS TO STEAM YACHTS

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beaches have been ruined, fish life destroyed, and the waterways of the Nation made into an abomination through heedless indifference and uncalculating greed. Possibly it might help us to realize the facts in the case if we started frankly calling such an erstwhile magnificent waterway as the Hudson by the name of "sewer" instead of "river." Perhaps we might be aroused to action if there was a general adoption of this suggestion. "Where is Poughkeepsie, or Newburgh, or Yonkers?" a stranger in America might ask. "Why, don't you know?" we could reply. "That's charmingly located on the banks of the Hudson Sewer." New York State would have no monopoly of the right to adopt a more accurate, if less pleasant, title for its bays, lakes, and streams.

More of us ought to get out on the water, and, even more than that, ought to make sure that there is water to get out on.

GLOUCESTER AND THE "ANGRY-SAXONS"

BY LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT
CONTRIBUTING EDITOR OF THE OUTLOOK

THE advance sheets of a book on Gloucester, Massachusetts, have just come into my hands.[1] Except for the lithographic illustrations by L. G. Hornby, some of which are reproduced in this issue of The Outlook, the book, I am afraid, will have little interest for any except New Englanders or the descendants of New Englanders. The fact is that, while Gloucester, Cape Ann, and, indeed, the whole New England seaboard, was originally Anglo-Saxon, the United States has never been an Anglo-Saxon country, and is not one to-day. I know that this assertion runs counter to the belief and sentiment of some of the best people in the United States, a belief and a sentiment that have been so prevalent that the story is told of a vigorous young Southern Negro, drafted during the World War, who said: "Dem kaisers suah will run when we Angry-Saxons get after 'em!"

But, while Anglo-Saxons certainly settled Virginia and Maryland, Rhode Island and Massachusetts, it was the French who settled Louisiana, the Spanish who settled California, the Germans who settled a large part of Pennsylvania, the Dutch who settled New York City, and again the French who penetrated through the Great Lakes to the Mississippi Valley. Thus even before the great tide of immigration following the Civil War made parts of the Northwest Teutonic and Scandinavian, and New York City Irish, the country had its origin in Latin as well as Anglo-Saxon culture and civilization. Even the Declaration of Independence strikes some of its roots into the bed of French philosophy. The American people are an English-speaking people, but they are not an Anglo-Saxon people. Indeed, we are passing through the unconscious process in this country of creating a new race, a new nation, and our own customs, manners, and traditions. To be sure, our common law is English law. Our legislative procedure in the forty-eight States and in the Federal Government is founded on the procedure of the British Parliament. We owe our love of political and civil liberty to the men who created Magna Charta and fought the English Revolution of 1688. Every American, whether his ancestry is English or not, must be interested in the bonds of affiliation that run back through English history to the time of Alfred the Great.

Now it so happens that my own ancestry is almost purely Anglo-Saxon, where it has not been mingled with a slight tinge of French Huguenot blood, but I understand why the indiscriminate use of the term Anglo-Saxon irritates many Americans who have not the slightest drop of Anglo-Saxon blood in their veins and yet are as true and good Americans as any Anglo-Saxon can be.

Nevertheless there are some spots of unadulterated Anglo-Saxonism in the United States, at least historically and geographically, and Gloucester is one of them. How peculiarly English the territory of Rhode Island, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Connecticut was in the minds of its early settlers is indicated by the nomenclature of its towns and villages. Barnstable, Plymouth, Lynn, Gloucester, Newburyport, Portsmouth, Portland, Dover, Ipswich, Manchester, are some of the purely Anglo-Yankee names that instantly come into mind when one thinks of New England. Montpelier is the only French name of a considerable town or city in New England that I think of at the moment, but Vermont itself is a title of French origin.

Of all the Anglo-Yankee names in New England Gloucester is perhaps the most English, as it is one of the most ancient municipal names in England itself. The English Gloucester has a continuous history from about the first century after Christ. In other words, it is very nearly two thousand years old. What a part it has played in English history is impressed upon the mind of any reader of Shakespeare. The words Gloucester and Gloucestershire are used by Shakespeare more frequently, I think, than any other geographical names. It was a Duke of Gloucester out of whose mouth one of the most often quoted lines of Shakespeare is taken, "Now is the winter of our discontent," et cetera.

The American Gloucester is famous as a fishing port and a breeder of sailors. Indeed, Mr. Hornby's lithographs are largely devoted to portraying its characteristics as the home of deep-sea fishermen. Deep-sea sailors are disappearing from the face of the ocean as the development of steam navigation goes on, but Gloucester still furnishes stalwart men who are capable of handling a main brace, or of furling a topsail while supporting themselves on the foot ropes of a swaying yard arm, as well as the best of the old clipper-bred seamen.

Nevertheless Gloucester, Anglo-Saxon as it was in its birth and as the volume before us pictures it, is becoming truly American in its mixture of races. According to the Census of 1900, it had a population of 26,000, of whom 8,700 were foreign-born. Of these foreign-born citizens nearly 600 were Portuguese, more than 600 were Finns, about 600 were Irish, and 800 were French-Canadians. Census statistics of this kind are often painful to American citizens of English stock. They used to trouble me a little. They do so no longer. I see in them manifestations of the evolutionary process that may ultimately make an American nation which will combine the best traditions and institutions—and let us also hope the best customs and manners—of Saxon, Celt, Latin, Slav, and Semite.

Possibly this will be criticised as undue optimism. All I can say in defense of the hope is that if it is not fulfilled this country is going to smash in a conflict of antagonistic and contradictory racial prejudices.

[1] Gloucester by Land and Sea. The Story of a New England Seacoast Town. By Charles Boardman Hawes and Lester G. Hornby. Illustrated. Little Brown & Co., Boston. $6.

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METHODISTS ON MONTE MARIO

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

THE American Methodists in Rome have long been a thorn in the Papal side. Doubtless they expected to be. Their anti-Catholic propaganda has been aggressive and not over-courteous. Some of them have referred to the Roman Catholic Church in terms hardly conciliatory. For instance, now that they have bought the top of Monte Mario, overlooking St. Peter's, one of their bishops publicly assures the Catholics that the difference in height symbolizes the difference between Catholicism and Protestantism. But the good Bishop does not stop there. He adds that, high as is Monte Mario, the Methodists expect on its summit to build a basilica with a cupola bigger than Michelangelo's!

This may or may not be so. In calling at the Methodist headquarters I could get no confirmation as to the cupola. The Methodist buildings already crowning Monte Mario are in educational use. To them has been transferred the very excellent boys' school started many years ago by the Methodists in the large and commodious buildings they still occupy on the corner of the Via Venti Settembre and the Via Firenze, not so very far from the King's palace. This school will doubtless constitute the preparatory department for the college of Monte Mario. A total of about eighty boys and youths is already in attendance.

The difficulty does not lie in the establishment of an American Methodist College in Rome. There is already a Waldensian Protestant Theological School here, with which the Methodists have now fortunately become affiliated. The difficulty arises in planting the new institution on the highest point about the city, a point near St. Peter's—"the Mother Church of Christendom"—and having a necessarily dominating and, as the Italians claim, menacing character.

There was a Catholic outcry when it was found that the Methodists had succeeded in buying the top of the hill. There was more outcry when the buildings were begun. And now, with *ex-cathedra* statements from American episcopal authorities, the outcry is loudest of all.

There has been not nearly so much resentment because the Methodists are Protestants as because they are foreigners, strange as this may seem. The Roman Catholic Church is Italian. The Waldensian Protestant Church is Italian. Roman Catholicism is the religion of the state and is adhered to by nearly all Italians, but the Waldensian Protestants have achieved a substantial and steady success. They have lived notably clean and lofty lives; in very many charitable movements they have gladly worked hand in hand with Catholics; they have received notable royal recognition; they have been great patriots and large-minded religionists—they have not called the Catholics by opprobrious epithets and have not established their places of worship and education so close to Catholic churches and schools as to constitute any offense to the Catholic majority.

Now the Italian Methodists are disposed to be like-minded. They number some gentlemen of great refinement, scholarship, and distinction whom I know, such as Professor Taglialatela, of the Theological School, and the Rev. Carlo Ferrari—men of social and spiritual worth. The Italian Methodists, however, are largely dependent for their sinews of war upon Methodists in America. Here lies the whole trouble. Some Methodists in America—or rather, some of them who come abroad—assuming a monopoly of both Americanism and Protestantism, take it upon themselves to sound the trumpet of American superiority and are not loth to let it be known that they have come to Italy to convert the Italian people from a religion of superstition and mummery to one of reasonableness and light.

However much superstition and mummery need to be eradicated, as a matter of fact, though these things may appear reprehensible to us, they have often a sacred character to the Italians, to whom habits of tradition are, anyway, very compelling. The result is that the majority of Romans do not want to encourage any undue prominence on the part of the Methodists. Doubtless half of the objectors sincerely feel that Methodist meddling is a sacrilege; the other half do not, but their wives and mothers tell them it is, and the religion of these wives and mothers must not be assailed, stoutly assert thousands of men who never go to church. But to have foreigners presume to propagandize Italy! That is the last straw. Both from the Catholic and from the Italian point of view, therefore, the Eternal City would be a more peaceful place if American Methodists were not perched on its highest near-by pinnacle.

But there they are. They have bought the land. They have paid for their buildings. They are ready to pay for other buildings. They want to go right on with their work.

This business is getting on the nerves of the majority. To resentment has succeeded exasperation; and something worse and more positive than mere exasperation may one day follow. With the dreadful doctrine that the end justifies the means, the Catholics are ready to use very extraordinary means. They are actually petitioning the Government to clear out the intolerable Americans from Monte Mario. The Catholics want the Government to exercise the right of eminent domain and actually to expropriate the Methodists from Monte Mario! "I hope they will," I heard an American Protestant say; it is only fair to add that secret Catholic leanings were thus disclosed.

A tentative effort has already been made in the attempt to prevent the Methodists from digging any more foundations, on the plea that archæological remains are likely to be disturbed. But to forbid more digging does not drive the Methodists away. Of course the right of eminent domain cannot be invoked against them by alleging that their property is needed for some necessary public construction. Railways or highways do not cross mountain summits.

The other day a prominent American Methodist put the case well. He said: "The Catholics may win. Then the rights of American citizens abroad will be exposed to mockery. The right of free worship will be impugned. What does Mussolini think will be the result on American relations with Italy, and what does the Pope think will be the result on the Roman Catholic Church in free America?"

As intelligent men, Signor Mussolini and Pius XI must be aware of these dangers. As heads, secular and spiritual, these men are, beyond most rulers, dictators. They have the personal power of initiative to a very great degree.

In Mussolini's case, the conditions are perfectly evident. He needs Catholic support. He must have it. He cannot go on without it. He may have to pay a large price for it. And this demand may be part of the price. But shall it really profit him if he lose the whole world to gain Italy? That he is determined to have Italy, anyway, might be indicated by an article recently published in the "Messagero," a morning paper having the largest circulation in Rome. The article has been accepted as the Mussolini Government's expression of opinion. Referring to the Methodist statements concerning heights and cupolas, the article declares that they were made to influence American propagandists, but that they constitute an offense

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to the great majority of Italian citizens.

The article concludes thus:

> If the American Methodists believe that they can count on the too great liberty which, for a time, Italian governments granted to every infiltration into our country, they also show that they have not understood what our renewed national spirit means and with what firm energy our Government is disposed to disillusionize every hope and to frustrate every attempt of this kind, even if private contracts be back of the hope and have led to the belief that the attempt could be realized in fact.

As to the Pope, he too is a dictator, in name at least, the head of an absolute monarchy. And yet what sarcasm in that term if the liberal mind of the present Pope is not to prevail, but, instead, the Vatican's possible reactionary will! More and more, it is said, the traditional Vatican policy is crowding him down and destroying his independence. Given the chance, some say, the Vatican might again become as intolerant and oppressive as in the days of Innocent III.

But if a reactionary policy should triumph, the resentment felt, not only by Protestants, but also by some liberal Catholics in America and England, would hardly help the cause of the Roman Catholic Church in those countries. They are its hope of the future, at least as regard Peter's pence, now that those elder daughters of the Church, France and Austria, are no longer to be relied on in comparison.

So, no matter how you look at it, the subject bristles with difficulty. Many people would be relieved if an earthquake were suddenly to destroy Monte Mario and to bring it tumbling to the Tiber.

Rome, Italy.

WANTED—A POLICY FOR NEW AMERICANS

BY HERBERT FRANCIS SHERWOOD

IT was rather a difficult task that confronted Major Henry H. Curran, recently the nominee for Mayor of New York, when he took the Ellis Island ferry-boat, Sunday morning, July 1, on his way to assume the duties of Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York. A novel steamship race had just closed. At midnight a fleet of transatlantic passenger steamships jockeying for position in the darkness below the Narrows had swept across an imaginary line drawn by the immigration officials between Staten Island and Brooklyn. They were in haste to assure their passengers an opportunity to pass the gates into the Promised Land within the quota inclosures established by the immigration laws.

The significance of the exciting effort to cross as close to midnight as possible was illustrated in the case of several Armenians. On a Greek steamer which passed over the line two and one-half minutes after the zero hour was a family of this much-persecuted race. This was its third attempt to enter. On the two previous occasions it had failed to arrive within the limits of the quota, although it had been close to the line each time. At last it had secured admission. On another steamer which passed the imaginary goal line five minutes after midnight was another Armenian. He failed of his ambition. The quota had been filled before his application for admission was reached.

The task which faced Major Curran was that of passing upon 15,000 potential immigrants arriving on thirty-seven steamships within the first week of July. The law permits one-fifth of the entire yearly quota to be admitted within a given month. The year begins on July 1, this being the opening day of the Federal fiscal year. The quotas of eleven countries for the month were filled within the first five days of July. Major Curran, however, was ready for the task. Within six days his staff was abreast of the arrivals and 700 immigrants from first, second, and third class were at Ellis Island awaiting the decision on their appeals to Washington. The staff did it by working on Sunday, July 1, and on July 4 without pay.

"The staff is a 'peach,'" said Major Curran. "I've had an opportunity to learn something about what a staff in the public service can do, for during the war I had a thousand men to lead, and as President of the Borough of Manhattan I had 2,500 men and women under my direction."

There is something about working with human beings each of whom is passing through your hands with a hope or an ambition as a guiding motive that wins sympathy and sacrifice of personal pleasure. For the time being they are helpless. They are strangers in a strange land, where railways and money are different from anything they have seen before, and their future is beyond their control.

Major Curran's experience in the Army through the war, where precision and capacity for directing a body of human beings are all-important factors, and as President of the Borough of Manhattan, where successful administration of the Civil Service and of materials are the essentials of accomplishment, stood him in good stead. Having been an alderman and a city magistrate, the knowledge of the weaknesses of the alien fitted him to appreciate the mental habits and customs of the newcomer. His own point of view regarding social welfare may be interpreted when it is known that for five years after leaving Yale, as a member of the staff of the New York "Tribune," he conducted the publicity work each summer for the "Tribune" Fresh Air Fund, and that later he carried on a publicity service for social welfare organizations. His experience covered the journalistic, legal, social welfare, legislative, military, judicial, and Civil Service administrative fields.

So when he fell heir to the emergency at Ellis Island on July 1 he lost no time. He arranged for the sitting of seven boards of special inquiry, a larger number than has ever before been employed on Ellis Island. Usually three such boards sit. These are bodies composed of immigration officials, who through long contact with the service understand fully the human material with which they are working and the administration of the immigration laws. Their task is that of examining more closely those about whose admissability there is doubt on the part of the inspectors on the line. The decision of these boards is final, unless there is an appeal to Washington.

Since the establishment of the Quota Law there have been many appeals. They have run into the thousands, and include immigrants from all steamship classes. The first and second classes were generously represented at Ellis Island. This is in marked contrast to the days before the Great War, when first and second class passengers comparatively seldom reached the immigration station. In order to speed up the appeals, Major Curran arranged for direct telephone service to the Department of Labor at Washington. As fast as cases were determined the decision was telephoned, and action followed. This served to hasten decisions at Washington. In addition, a representative of the Immigration Bureau came to Ellis Island in order to lend the Washington point of view and to help in reaching conclusions which would be in harmony with Department practice and save time in appeals.

Having cared for the judicial side, he took cognizance of the different social groups represented on the island. The type of immigrants passing

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(C) Underwood THE LAST STAGE OF THE JOURNEY TO THE UNITED STATES

through Ellis Island the first week in July averaged higher in social and economic qualities than any body previously in the history of the island. There were women who would not look out of place in a *salon*. There were Germans who owing to the drop in the mark were now coming third class, instead of first or second class. The large admixture of Scandinavians and natives of the British Isles made the work of the inspectors easy. This materially aided in overtaking the rushing stream of human beings. The quality of the immigrants, and incidentally the effect of restriction upon those already here, was further emphasized by the appearance of the relatives and friends on the Ellis Island boat who went across from the Battery to greet them. It is the observation of the writer, who has been visiting Ellis Island from time to time for more than twenty years, that the average of quality in dress was never so high as that presented to the eye from the second deck of the boat on the sixth day of July. Every one on the lower deck looked prosperous, and nearly all were dressed in the current styles.

Major Curran endeavored to provide accommodations for the different classes that would be in harmony with their accustomed environment so far as essentials are concerned. He ordered more than a hundred beds equipped with mattresses, sheets, and pillows for the first-class and second-class passengers. The third-class sleep in dormitories on double-decked steel beds equipped with wire springs. Each sleeper, upon retiring, is provided with several blankets, in which he wraps himself and lies down to slumber, a member of that innumerable caravan moving on toward a Promised Land which each hopes will be at least a New Earth.

It could be said for him, Major Curran told the writer a few days ago, that he did not propose to lay off members of the island staff at any time just because there chanced to be a lull in immigration. It was not helpful to the morale of the service. He was speaking out of his experience as a civil administrator at that moment. There have been times when the force has been reduced, the experienced personnel receiving involuntary vacations. There has been criticism of the inadequacy of the examination of immigrants in times past. Experienced inspectors are required, men whose minds are at ease as regards themselves. There is not the excuse for cutting down expense in the immigration service that taxation must be reduced. The Government collects a head tax from the immigrants for the very purpose of providing an adequate service. Prior to the war a surplus of millions accumulated in the United States Treasury from this source. Congress, on more than one occasion, has been criticised for failing in its appropriations to recognize its obligation to the immigrants who have provided the funds.

On the left side of the triple stairway leading from the inspection desks and runways is a blackboard. The tale which this board told in the first week in July was a luminous bit of testimony to the effect of recent legislation upon the examination of immigrants. On this board each day is written the names of the ships whose passengers are to be examined that day, and the number of immigrants on each ship. The total for July 6, for instance, was approximately 2,200. The list of ships included at least five vessels. The total was close to the average examined each day. In the course of the week 37 ships brought in approximately 15,000 alien passengers. The average for each ship, therefore, was less than 500. It was a different story that the board told prior to the Great War. The total not infrequently was 5,000 instead of 2,000 at the peak. Those were the days when great box-like ships arrived from Hamburg and Bremen with two or three thousand each from Central Europe, and other great streams flowed in from the Mediterranean. The staff is nearly as large now as it was then, but the literacy test and other legal requirements have made the examinations more penetrating and thoroughgoing. The maximum number passing through now at the crest of the tide is two-fifths the former flow.

The immigration policy of the United States is in a transition stage. It is passing from a negative to a positive attitude. In the early years of this century, when the hackneyed term "the melting-pot" was used to describe America, it was felt that all that was essential was selection based on physical, mental, and moral qualities determined by personal observation for a few moments on the part of a doctor and an inspector. In those days the condition of the labor market of the world could be read by observation of the incoming and outgoing streams of unskilled and semi-skilled workers. Gradually those who believed that heredity and early environment were factors that ought to be considered gained ascendency. The war set the seal on this point of view.

We have gone to the other extreme. Instead of considering the industrial needs of the country first in fixing our immigration policy, we lay great stress upon heredity and environment. Through a mechanical device whereby are admitted only a certain number, equivalent to three per cent, of the different nationalities (not bloods) represented in our immigration prior to 1910 we have restricted the flow in marked degree. Inasmuch as the law, as it was intended to do, favors the countries of northwestern Europe at the expense of the Mediterranean basin and labor conditions in England and that region at the present time are not favorable to workers, immigration from that part of Europe is relatively strong. Emphasis is now placed upon the building of the Nation into a more coherent political unit. Stress is laid upon the desirability of adding to the number of our people those whose mental habits, environment, customs, and heredity tend to the recognition of law as a governing force in itself and a belief in the

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efficacy of republican and parliamentary institutions. There is talk of basing the quota on the Census of 1890. To do this would shut out practically all of the unskilled workers from Central and Southern Europe.

Where we had a negative policy, admitting every one who knocked at the gate who was considered by the inspectors to be morally, mentally, and physically fit, we now have a positive policy of restriction mechanically controlled. The former aided industry. The latter is opposed to the rapid development of industry, but favors our National political development. It works a hardship upon the potential immigrant, for the factor of time may determine his attainment of the goal of his ambitions, as witness the case of the Armenians when an interval of two and one-half minutes established their status. While we have a positive policy, it is administered in a negative spirit.

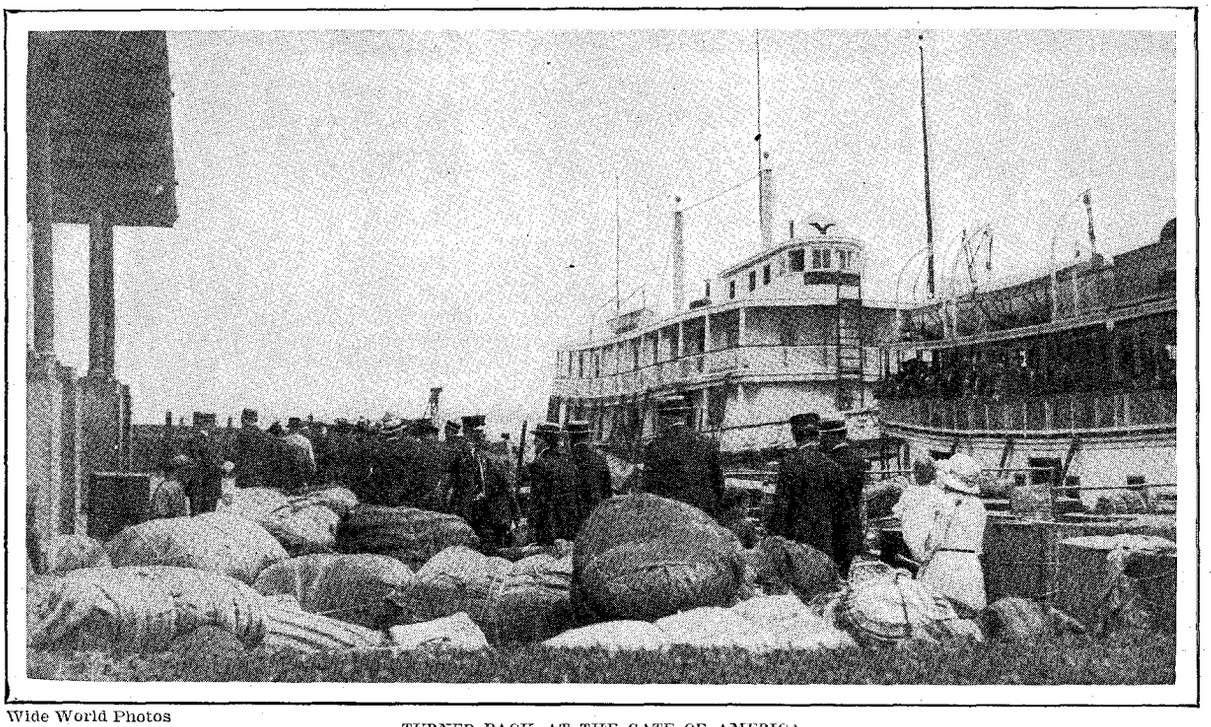
Is it possible to have a nationalistic policy and at the same time satisfy our industrial needs? There are some who think restriction will tend to develop resources of unskilled and semi-skilled labor within our own borders. They are thinking of our growing Negro population and the augmentation of American families. Possibly Judge Gary had this in mind when he spoke of the intention of the steel industry immediately to attempt to cut down its twelve-hour day to an eight-hour day. This chiefly is a question of labor supply. On the other hand, it is notable that American youth seek "white collar" jobs in preference to the more highly paid work involving physical labor. This partially accounts for the limited supply and high wages of building craftsmen.

Will it be practicable, some day, to determine at a given time the demand for labor and how many persons can be accommodated temporarily in the country, due regard being given to social, economic, and housing conditions? In European countries many workers engaged in seasonal occupations pass back and forth across boundary-lines. In some cases the journey is made daily, as people commute in this country. In other cases the workers may remain two or three months. This was done a great deal before the war. In the case of Canadians and Mexicans this was true in the United States for a period during and after the war, a time limit being placed upon their stay.

While it is the testimony of immigration inspectors that the Quota Law has tended to raise the average of the social quality of our immigration, due probably in some measure to the higher degree of ambition and determination necessary to set out upon the journey, the relative increased cost of transportation, and the reduction in promotional effort on the part of the steamship lines owing to the limited number who may be booked, yet it is clear that the present law does not fully meet the needs of the country. We should aim to have a constructive policy of selection based on our needs. It is probable that such a policy would have to be carried on through publicity channels, for it is doubtful whether other countries are different from ourselves and will wish to have direct proselyting going on within their borders. How far they will permit immigration attachés to serve in our consular offices remains to be discovered. Recent incidents in England in relation to the booking of immigrants indicate how easy it is to offend the most friendly of countries in such matters. Few countries are likely to encourage the emigration of their most ambitious. Italy stands almost alone in promoting emigration.

The Chamber of Commerce of the United States is promoting a change in the present law which will permit an increase in the quota with a view to providing a margin for experiment in selection for industrial purposes. This is based on the initiative of the prospective immigrant as a promotional force. A constructive immigration policy would require the promotion of the coming of types needed. This is not so easy as it would appear, however, for there are dangers lurking in courses aimed at conscious external guidance of elemental human forces controlled in large measure by individual inclinations. We must look, however, in that direction.

As a nation we are groping for a solution. The first step must be adoption of a policy of selection based on our actual National, industrial, and agricultural needs. In undertaking this we must look toward harmonization of our various points of view. The second is a study of methods which will make for a spirit of good will among our world neighbors while at the same time attaining the end sought. As we have indicated, the latter will not be easy. Perhaps Major Curran, out of his varied experiences in public life, and after he has been on the island for a time, will be able to make a contribution to the solution of the problem. We hope so. He is fearless and a constructive thinker.



Wide World Photos

TURNED BACK AT THE GATE OF AMERICA

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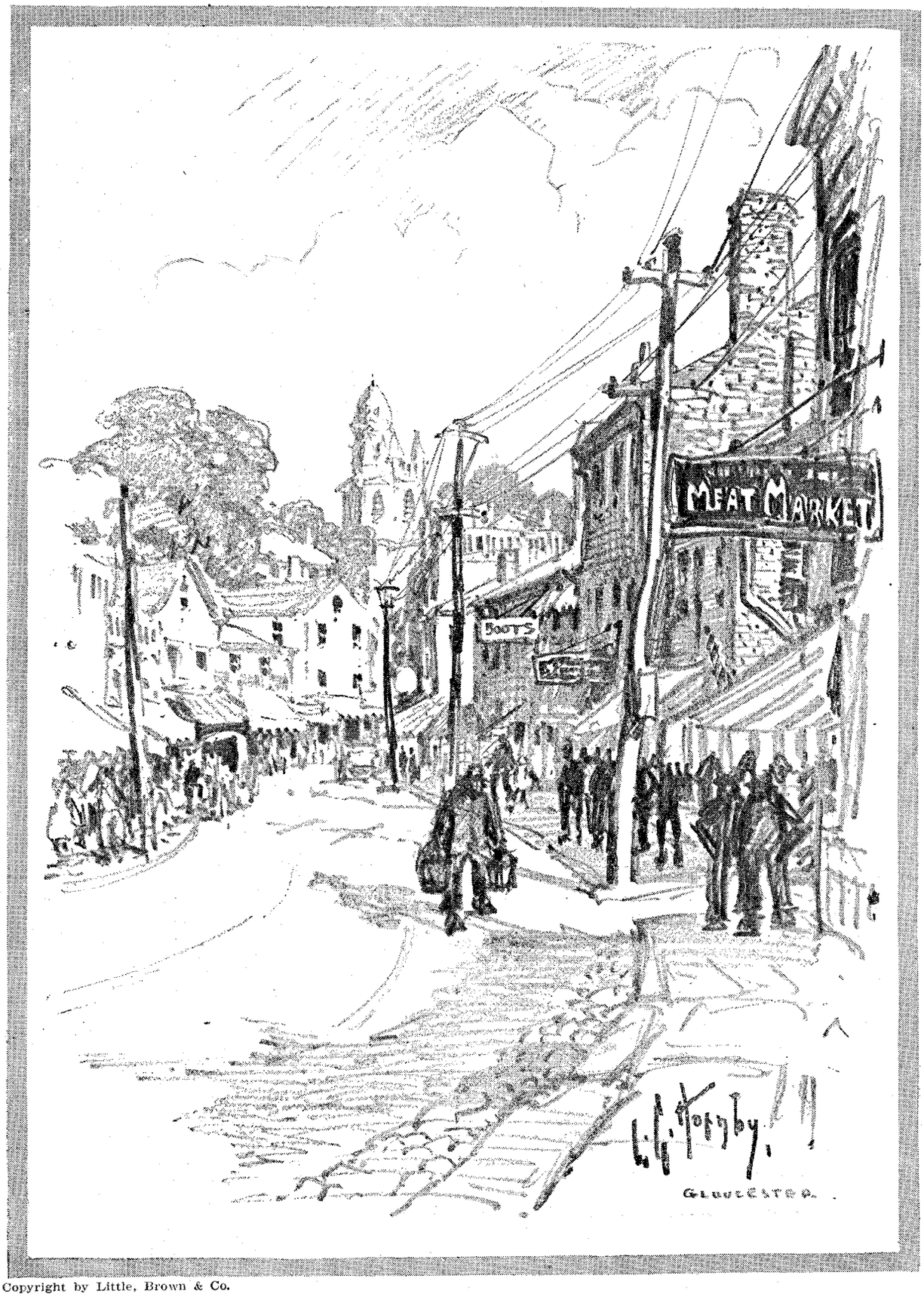
GLOUCESTER ON HER

FOUR DRAWINGS BY



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MAIN STREET—GLOUCESTER

STREETS AND WHARVES

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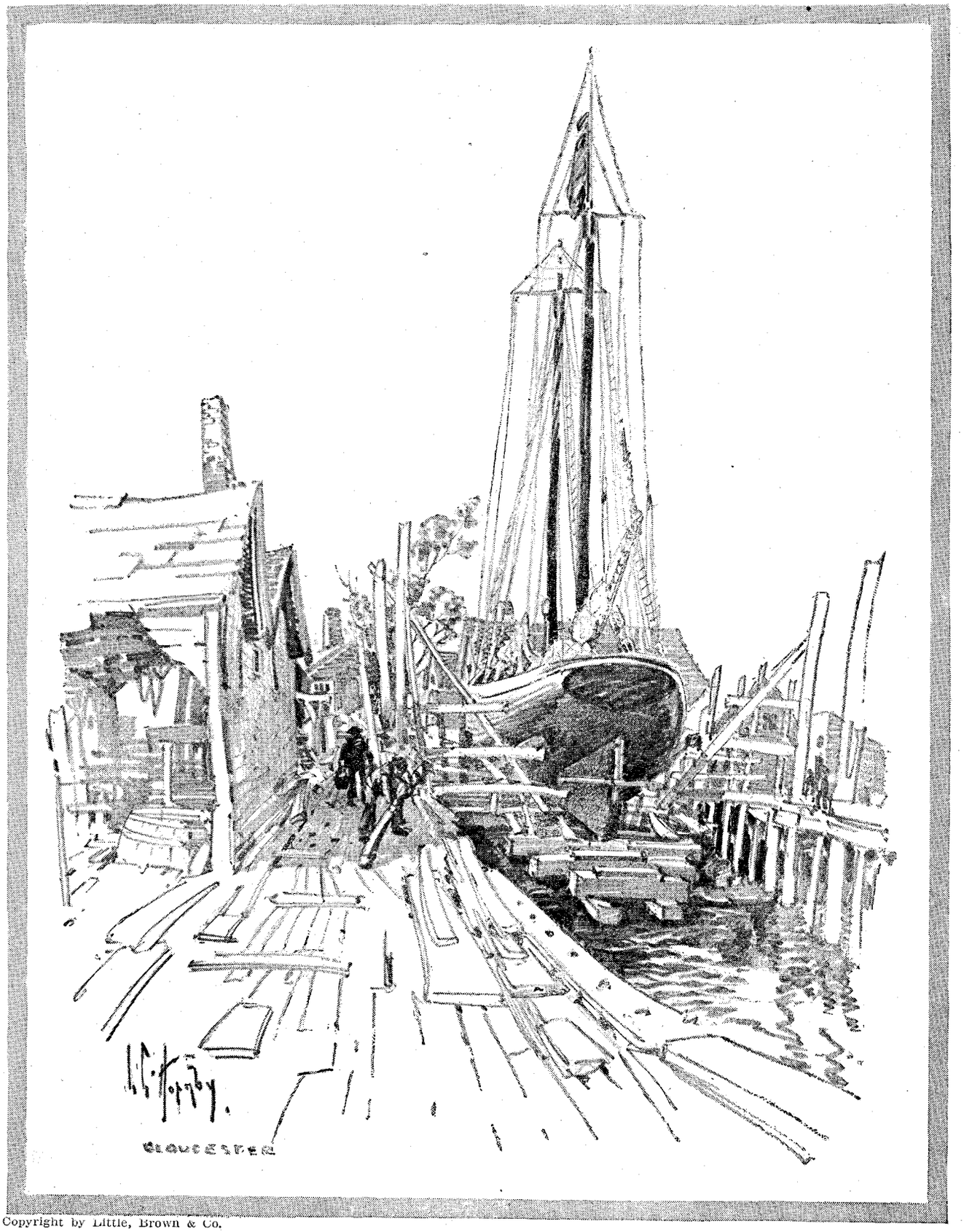
THREE HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY

LESTER G. HORNBY



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DRY-DOCKED—ROCKY NECK, EAST GLOUCESTER

OF GLOUCESTER

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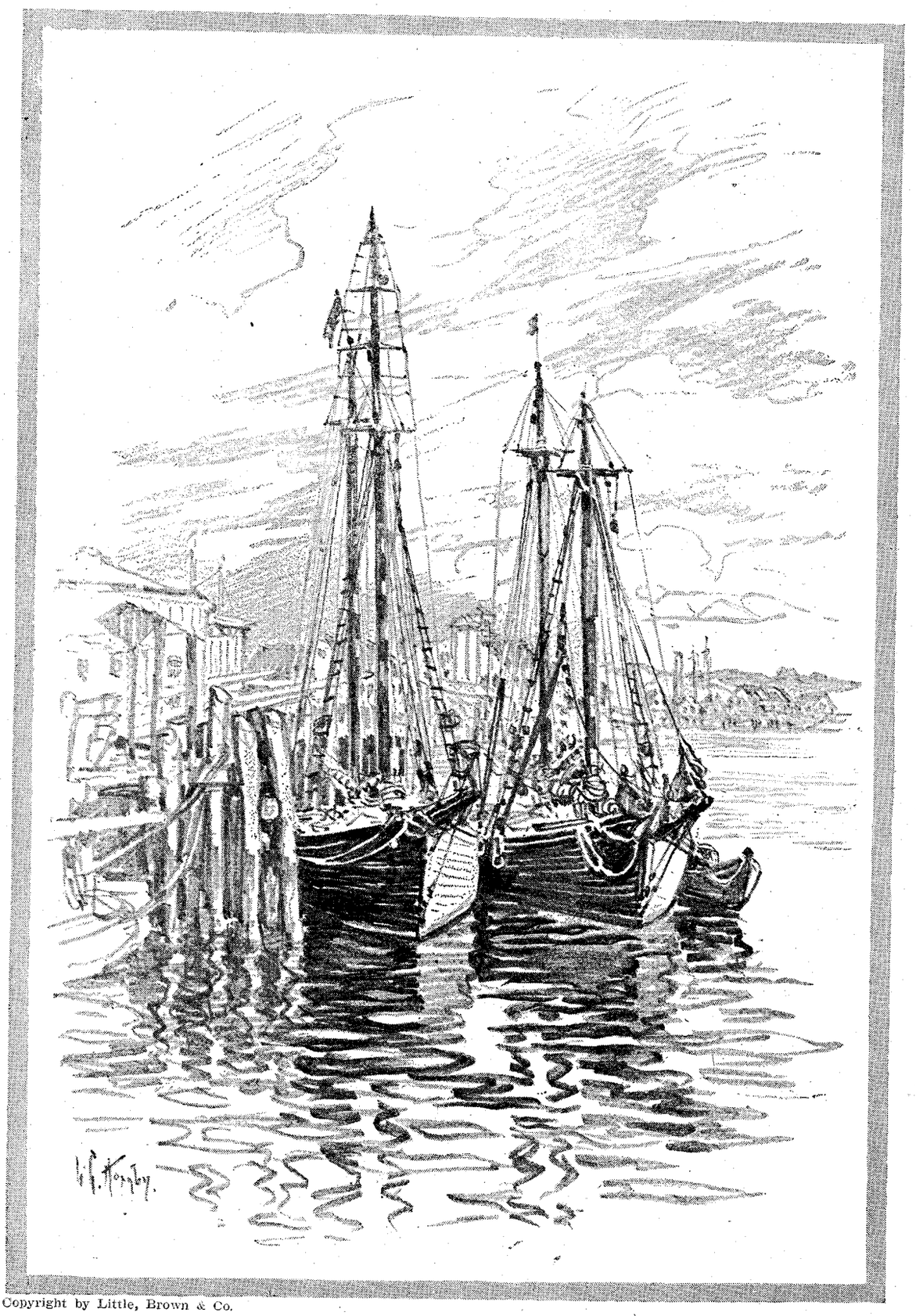

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SWORDFISHERMAN AND BANKER

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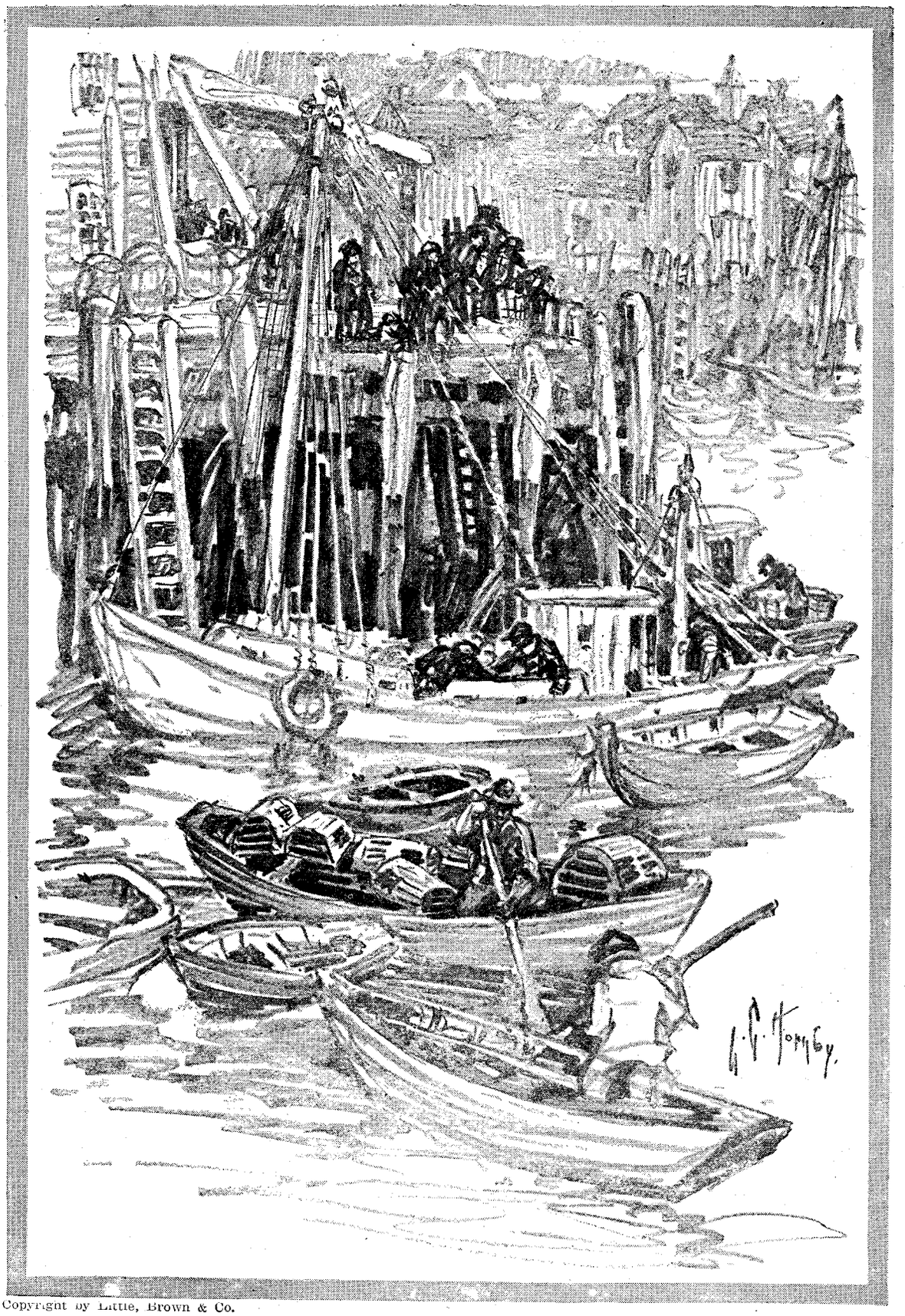

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GUINEA BOATS

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"FLOWING WITH MILK AND HONEY"

BY JENNIE ROSENHOLTZ

JEHOVAH has staged many an exodus since that spectacular one across the Red Sea when he baited a far-away land with milk and honey to lure an imaginative race of brickmakers.

More recently he had taken Shmuel Goldberg, the little tailor, with his wife Sorah and their Izzy and Benny, out of the West Side ghetto, across the Mississippi, twelve miles away to Merriam Park, a Jewless Canaan, flowing with work and money.

Sorah's brother, black-bearded Yonkel, had moved the Goldbergs in his loose-wheeled serpentining wagon, the harness pieced with wire. He and Shmuel sat on the seat with cigarettes perilously pendent from their lips as they chatted and gesticulated with gusto. Behind were the few sticks of furniture, the shop fittings, the cradle, and the red feather-beds in which nestled Sorah and her excited, chattering brood. It was the adventure of the boys' lives, gypsying behind their uncle's horse among honking machines across the long shaking bridge.

Journeying so, Sorah forgot, in this fresh happiness of her family, the bitterness of parting with her ailing mother; forgot her dread of exile.

Shmuel was as eager as his boys. So long as business would be good exile didn't bother him.

He had made a bare living on St. Paul's West Side, where money was much tighter than the talk that passed over his counter; but he and Sorah wanted their Izzy and Benny to "have it better than they had had. Maybe, if God gave, Izzy would be a rabbi and Benny would learn doctor." Izzy at five had a "sharp head," and Benny —well Benchky was only four then. Baby Rachel came later.

The new shop was only a slit of a place; but, situated on the main street between the Twin Cities, it was a natural-born place for spots, wrinkles, and rips to come. The sign in the window drew trade with the hidden and visible pull of two languages. Over the old Yiddish sign, which would have been as undecipherable as a cuneiform tablet to the Occidental eyes of Merriam Park, Shmuel, with the help of Izzy's A B C's, had painted an English one that was a mighty stride ahead in phonetic orthography.

And the customers liked the Goldbergs with their dash of foreign color: pudgy Shmuel's twinkling eyes, his ingratiating gestures; Sorah's old-fashioned worried devotion; the Yiddish-English baby talk of the inquisitive boys, running out of the living-rooms at the back whenever the shop door slammed.

On a Friday morning in the early summer Shmuel was at his ironing-board. His suspenderless pants clung in wrinkled desperation to his hips and double-cuffed and crumpled about his ankles. The Goldbergs had lived in the Park only a year, and already "business was going like it was greased." Izzy would be a rabbi and Benny would "learn doctor" all right. Shmuel and Sorah had to work late into the night. The rack, near the door, was full of pressed and mended clothes. A cracked mirror reflected the easy-going perspiring proprietor. There was a sicky, sweetish smell of fish and soup, cooking in Sorah's kitchen and spreading its heavy odor of Sabbath sanctity over the shop mixture of gasoline, sweat, and steaming wool. And Shmuel was singing a snatch of folk-song to the spitting staccato accompaniment of his iron; it was something to sing over.

After a while Sorah came in and stood there, wiping her sallow face with her gingham apron and smiling in a timid way.

Shmuel chuckled teasingly as she came toward him, "Nu, it's almost time for Yonkel, not?"

She went out of the open door to the sidewalk, and he followed her with his flat-footed, rolling gait, and together they looked down the street expectantly. There was no Yonkel in sight; but he'd be there by dinner time.

He gave up a whole day's peddling each week to teach the boys Hebrew. It was a twenty-four-mile trip, and he had to hurry back for the Sabbath services at sundown.

So this was Sorah's busiest day; and she hastened back to the steaming kitchen. She took a grape-basket of potatoes from the table and, sitting on a box near the cradle, she began peeling them. As she worked she rocked the cradle with her foot and soothed the baby's sleepy, choking cry with a crooning minor lullaby, "I-le-loo-le-loo-le-loo." Sitting there, in a black sateen wrapper, her coarse brown wig combed tight back from her faded face, she looked much older than she was. She couldn't throw off worries like Shmuel; they ate into her. At such times a wave of homesickness would overwhelm her, carrying her back to the West Side ghetto across the river. There a dozen times a day neighbors would run in to borrow something—a chair, some dishes, or perhaps a little goose-grease for a croupy child. There'd be a bit of talk, a snatch of laughter. On a Thursday her mother would mind the children while she hurried to the Schochet with a squawking chicken under her arm, to have it killed. Ay, how wonderful were the Mozultoffs for the new-born babies; the houses lighted up with the beaming faces of friends, sipping wine and eating egg cookies! Would she ever forget that time when Izzy was burning with fever, how the charm woman came and sprinkled salt in the four corners of the room while she chanted an incantation against the evil spirits and made him well again!

The hiss of soup boiling over brought her back; but here, in Merriam Park, did a woman's foot ever step into her kitchen? Sorah lifted the pot-cover. She went to the sink and grated some horse-radish and reddened it with beet juice. The *gefültte* fish she set to cool in the pantry. Her movements were abrupt, jerky with eagerness. She was thinking of Yonkel and her boys. The brass samovar and the mortar and candlesticks that were her pride she rubbed briskly with ashes and newspaper. How they gleamed forth the fullness of Sorah's devotion to her little family! Their sharp appetite for her cabbage soup and potato pudding was pay enough for her dragging legs, her breaking back. She hurried into the dark bedroom, where hung the marriage and birth certificates in huge black Hebrew. She shook up the feather-bed. In the doorway she stopped a second and reverently touched the Mazuzzah, the tiny shrine with the holy unutterable name of Jehovah in the wicket, to bless their home and keep evil spirits away. Back to the kitchen she went. Baby was still sleeping. She pulled aside the coarse lace curtain and glanced out the window. The whistles were blowing; it was time for the boys to be coming from school.

There they were now. She could hear them racing along the walk, always on the run, her golden boys! They burst into the kitchen, howling.

At the sight of them Sorah wildly clutched her head.

"Oi, sorrow upon me!" she cried.

Izzy was sobbing; angry, heart-breaking tears spurted from his eyes. In Russian blouse, with tossing blond hair, his broad Lithuanian nose quivering, he was a raging young Tolstoy. He stamped his foot at his mother.

"For vy you don't make me vaists vit strings, ha?" He tore at his clothes and flung out his arms at his mother accusingly.

"Oi!" she cried helplessly, overcome by the suddenness of the attack.

"Look, she makes me pants vat heng

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by mine shoes!" his voice grated with anger.

Her chubby, curly-headed Benchky boldly stuck by his big brother, copying his manner.

"De boyes make fun from me; dey call me Sheenie," he piped, complainingly.

"Meine kinder!" wailed Sorah, stretching out beseeching arms to them.

But Izzy, heedless of her pain, went on. "You ain't no good mame." And he pushed her away with loathing.

Each word burned into her like a brand.

"Oi, I no good mame," she echoed, weakly, shrinking against the wall. God the Highest, whom could she go to for help? How she had tried to make her boys' clothes like other children's! But from all the mothers rolling by in their parlor-cars, was there one to come in and show her how to make "Americanishe" pants for her boys? Her aching homesickness she benumbed with a frenzy of work; but her boys' tears were heart pains that could not be boiled or scrubbed away.

The telephone ringing in the shop broke in upon her despondent mood. At once the boys stopped crying—no heartbreak now—another thought. They clattered out to hear what was up.

The noise had awakened Rachel. Sorah took her up and began walking. Agitated as she was, there came to her the recollection of Izzy's first day at school. She had said to the teacher: "Comes a man from New York, vat says if ve send our Izzy to kindergarten, it vould make a man from him." And for a while Izzy had been happy. Then the children began calling him names; they mimicked his sing-song accent. One day he came home, crying, bitterly, "Ma, dey hitted me." And she had grabbed her shawl in desperation, running breathless to school. "Dey punch Izzy; dey hit him; he's like a rotten apple, spots all over him," she had cried, brokenly. When she told Shmuel, he had laughed it off with a shrug, saying they were babies yet; she shouldn't "bother" her head. But, God the Highest, was she made of iron?

She heard them coming back. They came clumping in, Shmuel with them, some sewing in his hand. The boys were boisterously singing.

"Uncle ain't coming! uncle ain't coming!" They clapped their hands and jumped around. "His horse is died; his horse is died! Ve don't hev to learn Aleph Beth no more, no more!"

Shmuel's eyes puckered with fun, but when he saw how Sorah took it he became stern.

"Sha!" he commanded, going after the boys with a threatening gesture that Sorah stopped with her arm.

That was like Shmuel, too easy-going, then suddenly losing his temper; that's why she kept things to herself.

And now God alone knew when Yonkel would come. Where could he get money for another horse?

"Oi, it shouldn't happen her worst enemy."

There'd be no Yonkel sitting between her boys while they followed his sonorous Hebrew with their fresh, piping voices, as she sat near, nursing baby, and Shmuel, tilted back in his chair, nibbled sugar and drank glasses of tea from the samovar. Her desire to see her brother, to hear home news, was nothing to her fear that the children would lose their Jewishness.

"Shmuel," she begged, "we must get some one else to learn with the boys." But Shmuel only patted her on the shoulder.

"Nu, don't eat your heart out," he said. "Plenty time for Izzy to be a rabbi." And, with a philosophical shrug, he went back to work.

So the months went by—June, July, August. No Hebrew lessons, the children running wild with the Gentiles, learning from Jimmie McGuire, and nobody to talk with to ease the weight of trouble that pressed upon her heart. From early morning until late at night the shop door slammed—husband and wife "working with their sides"—money piling up for the children. So their life went on.

September came, and the first day of school. Sorah was with the children, getting breakfast. Izzy on his roller-coaster and Benny straddling a stick were laughing and shouting as they rode through the clutter of clothes and toys. Baby Rachel wanted to creep right under the wheels. Sorah's head buzzed with the racket; she was weak, scolding, coaxing them to dress, begging them to eat their bread and coffee.

It was time for school.

Izzy was watching his mother narrowly as she put on a white apron and reached behind the door for her shawl.

"You ain't going to school vit me." He stamped his foot.

"For vy?" Her hands dropped weakly.

"For vy you don't vear shiny shoes and a hat full from red flowers like Jimmie's ma?" His scathing look raked her from her wigged head to tired feet in their worn carpet slippers.

"Oi, you are 'shamed from your mame?"

"Sure!" from Izzy, bone of her bone.

"Sure!" from Benchky.

Benumbed, she took off her shawl and hung it behind the door.

The school-bell clanged, startling the boys. They tumbled over each other and spilled themselves through the door in a stumbling scramble to get away—away from her. Shmuel did not know how they hurt her; how they threw her love back in her face. They jerked away offensively when she buttoned a blouse or tucked them in bed. She worked herself to the bone; but they heaped ashes on her head. A tightness strained her throat. She was stripped, scorched with humiliation; despair looked her in the face.

Baby, not understanding but sensing something wrong, tugged at her mother's skirts. And Sorah, with a hungry cry, pulled Rachel to her. Baby at least was still hers. Would she too in time—. Bitter tears scorched her eyes; then hearing Shmuel coming, she quickly leaned over the baby to hide her face.

"What have they done?" he demanded, looking around suspiciously. "Nothing, nothing," she huskily replied.

He couldn't get it out of her. She insisted it was nothing, and finally he went back to his work, scratching his head in a puzzled way, new to him.

A few weeks later, on a Sunday, Shmuel was sitting cross-legged on a table, sewing, when Izzy came in. He gave his father a hard, contemptuous look as he walked toward the window. Then he reached over and in a fearless, determined way he pulled down the shade.

"De Goyem are going to church; I don't vant dey should see you vorking on Sunday."

Shmuel straightened up with surprise. "Pull up."

"Jimmie says"— Izzy insolently broke in.

"Pull up de shade." Shmuel got off the table and, pushing Izzy aside, jerked up the shade with a loud snap. Then impatiently taking his first-born by the shoulders, he pushed him out of the shop. "By me Jimmie ain't no boss," he said as he slammed the door.

The little tailor took up his work again; but he was restless, thoughtful—shaking out a coat, stopping blankly, his needle poised in the air. He seemed unconscious of passing time. After a bit he slid off the table and shuffled aimlessly about the room, looking for something—he didn't seem to know what. He drifted into the kitchen. Sorah was nursing baby. Her rough fingers caught in the fine hair as she passed them through Rachel's golden curls, damp from sleep. Shmuel looked at Sorah more sharply than usual; as though then for the first time he saw how drooping, how troubled she looked. Impulsively he drew near and patted her shoulder, uttering broken, husky sounds of pity.

On the following Saturday Sorah

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and Shmuel were in the kitchen. Baby was whiny with teething, and had to be fussed with. The table was already set for supper with herring salad and braided poppy-seed bread, glistening yellow with egg. A bottle of wine waited for the evening blessing. At the table, his skull-cap pushed back, Shmuel was praying aloud in a droning sing-song from a huge book with brown mottled covers.

Sorah knew how he missed the synagogue, its festivals and celebrations. There was the Feast of Lights; the noisy carnival over the Hanging of Haman; Yum Kippur with its heart-easing bursts of prayer; and the fasting and wailing and beating of breasts; the pauses for friendly gossip and business talk.

Their boys ought to be in Chadir, learning Jewishness with other Jewish children; not doing forbidden things like hammering nails, hitching on wagons, spending money for candy. Ai! She saw how they had learned to knuckle under to Jimmie, to flatter him, and at last to make fun of their way of living. Only the other day at supper Izzy had pushed away his plate, sniffing disgustedly, "Jimmie don't eat potato pancakes or noodle pudding!"

"And black bread," put in Benny—Benchky, his mother's milk still wet on his lips.

Yes, turning against their home life; a knife it was in her heart.

"You like Jimmie's pig meat better how your ma's kosher cooking?" Shmuel had asked, unbelievingly.

"Sure!" they had shot out with one voice.

And he had scolded them for her sake. "Wait, I'll give you—"

And they had run off. That was the end of it. Shmuel could not see beyond that; how they were slipping away. Again she had begged him to get a Hebrew teacher, and still he delayed.

Now where were the boys? She looked out the window.

In the back yard were Izzy and Benny and Jimmie. They were doubled up with laughter over a Hebrew book, ducking and capering in exaggerated mockery, shouting scraps of sing-song. And Jimmie, the Goy—God shouldn't strike—was kissing the phylacteries binding his arm.

Sorah clutched the baby to her breast in horror at what she saw. Shmuel must not see them; he'd whip them—she couldn't bear that. She rushed out.

Seeing her coming, the startled boys dropped the book and the phylacteries and, shrieking guiltily, scampered off.

"Oi, bitter is mir!" wailed Sorah, picking up the phylacteries and the book and reverently wiping them with her apron as she turned toward the house; "making fun from their religion. Money there is plenty; but God the Highest, our children we are losing!"

She found Shmuel still absorbed in his Talmud. What a blessing he had not seen it all!

The next day, Sunday, Sorah was finishing the dinner—warming the pot of tzimus, a stew of meat and vegetables. Baby, quieted with a crust of bread, gurgled contentedly in her high-chair. Shmuel came in for a bite to eat, and was smacking his lips over a herring appetizer. He had just asked Sorah where the boychicks were when in they burst, radiant, their voices shrill with emotion.

"Look, ma; pa, see what I got from Jimmie's Sunday school!" To their parents' unblieving gaze they proudly held up picture cards of the Virgin and the infant Jesus.

"Look," cried Izzy, delightedly; "de ma and de baby; ain't it cute?"

"Mine, too," piped Benny.

"De Goyem got tree Gods; ve ony got vone. I like tree better how vone!" shouted Izzy.

"Me too," echoed Benny.

Fascinated with horror, Sorah and Shmuel helplessly watched Izzy skip to the doorway and pin up the Christian God under the Mazzuzah, bearing the unutterable name of the God of the Hebrews. It was blasphemous—in a Jewish house! Insulting God, tempting his wrath!

Sorah wrung her hands. "Oi, the Highest, have pity on my children!"

Like a thunderbolt, it shook Shmuel, the ground crumbling under his feet, the walls of his home crashing in upon Sorah, upon their children. With a throaty cry, he fell upon the card and, tearing it to bits, stamped upon the pieces furiously.

Frightened at their father's violence, the children ran to their mother and hid in her skirts.

Her pitiful calloused hands held her boys close; her eyes full of pain, of entreaty, sought Shmuel's. And she found in his an answering flash of complete understanding.

His broad shoulders strained back with power; his jaw hardened; and he looked away from them, with narrowed lids, as though to grasp with his eyes and keep steady some great vision.

Sorah waited. What would he say; what would he do?

Then a single guttural exclamation burst from his throat—"Gott!" He flung open the door and was gone.

Where, without a hat or a coat? They watched him pushing off down the street, hunching his shoulders, until he was lost to view.

Sorah fed the children, washed the dishes, and swept the floor. She was tense, worried. She wouldn't let the boys out of her sight. They questioned her with subdued voices. Every little while she ran out and looked down the street in a strained way—the boys were at her heels.

Hours went by.

Then suddenly in the yard they heard the sound of wheels, bounding feet. The door sprung open, and there stood Shmuel—and Yonkel—Yonkel, after three long months! Yonkel, black beard bristling, red-cheeked, beaming.

Sorah and the children were bewildered, then elated.

"*Sholem a lachem!*" (Peace be with you!) Yonkel boomed.

Joyous, guttural exclamations, handclasps, tears.

"Whose horse?" the boys asked.

"Borrowed for to-day," answered Yonkel.

Meanwhile Shmuel, unmindful of their feverish rejoicings, uttering never a word, walked over and with trembling hands took down the sacred Mazzuzah, protector of their home. Then exultantly he hurried into the pantry and came back with an armful of Hebrew books. He dumped them on the table and vigorously tied them in the red table-cloth. "Nu what are you all standing?" he gesticulated, as he lifted the bundle and went out of the door and threw it in the wagon.

Then Sorah knew; she knew. They were going back home, home to their own people, where they belonged.

Everybody broke into a joyous bustle; pulling things apart, carrying them out, running here and there. The fat feather-beds squeezed in around the samovar and the marriage and birth certificates; the baby in the cradle, empty a year ago.

Sorah, tremulous, with a scarcely realized hope shining through the unreality, sat among her furniture with her excited, chattering children.

A piece of wire was found to mend the harness.

"Giddap!" shouted Shmuel.

"Giddap!" shouted Izzy and Benny.

And the horse strained; the wheels creaked and they moved off.

As they rounded the corner, they caught sight of Jimmie.

"Good-by, Jimmie; we're going to live by Yonkel's house," Izzy called out, delightedly waving his hand. "We ain't going to see you no more no more."

The open road, the sight of something new, had them.

Already they were forgetting Jimmie and what he stood for.

Shmuel looked back at Sorah. "Nu a long year, not?"

And she replied: "Forty years the Children of Israel waited in the wilderness for the Promised Land," as she pointed ahead in the direction of their journey.

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FROM CONGRESS TO CABINET

EXPERIENCES AND IMPRESSIONS OF PUBLIC LIFE IN WASHINGTON

BY WILLIAM C. REDFIELD

CHAPTER IX—PORK AND THE PRESS

THE mail brought me a friendly note from the editor of one of our best-known reviews. "Thanks," said he, "for the article of which proof goes to you for revision." I replied, "Not guilty," but awaited the proof.

When it came, I found before me the product of a strange industry—that of producing synthetic literature. I learned that authorship is of two kinds—voluntary and involuntary—and that my editor friend had paid $25 for a specimen of the latter. The article bore, indeed, my name, but the proof sheets were my first knowledge of it. I read and re-read it, finding some passages familiar, others strange, but at last, with my secretary's aid, the parentage of this literary foundling became clear. Some one had dissected an assorted lot of my speeches and out of such fragments as served his purpose had built up an article, filling the chinks with cementing passages of the vender's own manufacture. The constructing mechanic had added my name and sold the product for cash in advance. This one was not printed, but others were, and when the producer was interviewed he not only admitted the facts but contended that his business was legitimate and that the use of my name was proper. On that subject we permanently disagreed.

With a curious mental twist similar to that which regards a man who is successful in one phase of life as an authority on all other phases, one in the Cabinet is requested to write or speak on themes as varied as from relativity to soap. Some measure of yielding to these expectations is more or less *de rigueur*. All this is of the open or voluntary type of speech or authorship. When it has progressed a while, the other variety appears. I do not know how far my colleagues experienced this involuntary authorship, but it happened five times to me; and even the women of the Cabinet circle were not wholly exempt, for in at least one case a special article appeared in an important daily to the entire surprise of the alleged authoress.

When an Administration has lasted eighteen months, Washington correspondents apparently find on their charts the note, "About now expect resignations." Certainly a friend who represented one of the metropolitan journals got this germ badly. His resistance to the idea was very low and he quite failed to overcome the infection. Three times at least he wrote that I had resigned, and it became a bore. I sent for him, and we had a frank talk. He was sincerely reluctant to believe that his germ was malefic, but he never said where he caught it. We compromised on the understanding that when I really did resign I would let him know, and parted friends. This was several years before such action was even considered.

A CAMPAIGN OF MENDACITY

It seems to be a fault of democracy that people lend a ready ear to charges against their public servants without making any effort to learn the truth, and even without reflecting that the matter may have two sides. The following correspondence speaks for itself:

To the Editor of Public Ledger.

Sir—With the coming of spring the season of steamboat excursions approaches and the memory of the Eastland disaster is refreshed. In spite of Secretary Redfield's definite promises to the people of Chicago, there has been no adequate Federal investigation of that slaughter of merrymakers.

The prospect is that in the coming summer Inspector-General Uhler will remain in office as head of the Federal Steamboat Inspection Service under Secretary Redfield. Inspector-General Uhler occupied the same extraordinarily responsible position at the time of the Slocum disaster. He has been retained throughout the period in which 31 boats on the Great Lakes have disappeared with all on board and without investigation. A complete list of the names of the 31 lost vessels can be had from Victor Olander, editor of the Seamen's Journal, 570 West Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

The interest of the National Consumers' League in the matter is that passengers bear the same relation to excursion steamboat companies which customers bear to a merchant when they buy gloves or shoes. Neither merchants nor excursion steamboat companies can subsist without customers. In both cases alike the individual is in great measure at the mercy of unfaithful officials, and in the case of excursion boats Inspector General Uhler's activities, or inactivities, have been, in the belief of this organization, responsible for truly appalling loss of life.

FLORENCE KELLEY,
General Secretary,
National Consumers' League.

New York, March 20, 1916.

The paper which printed the above made no known effort to learn the facts. On reading the letter I wrote:

April 4th, 1916.

Dear Madam:

In a letter purporting to bear your signature printed in the Philadelphia Public Ledger of April 3rd are these words:

"He (General Uhler) has been retained throughout the period in which 31 boats on the Great Lakes have disappeared with all on board and without investigation. A complete list of the names of the 31 lost vessels can be had from Victor Olander, editor of the Seamen's Journal, 570 West Lake Street, Chicago, Ill."

This is a serious charge. You appear to assume its truth. In an ancient Book it is written: "Doth our law judge any man before it hear him?" Have you inquired of the Department of Commerce whether this statement is true or false, and before making this serious charge against a public officer, did you permit him to say aught for himself?

From another source this statement was repeated to me a few days ago with inquiry as to its truth. I replied that it was a flat falsehood.

Permit me to hand you copy of letter addressed to the gentleman whom you name and to say that this Department has nothing whatever to conceal in the Eastland matter. All its records are open to you or to any one else interested. It is courteously submitted, however, that even a public officer is entitled to have the truth told about him, all of it, without concealment or evasion.

Finally permit me to hand you copy of the decision of Justice Sessions of the United States District Court for the Western District of Michigan, Southern Division, and to commend same to your careful reading.

Let me add that this letter is written without the knowledge or request of General Uhler in any way.

Yours very truly,
WILLIAM C. REDFIELD,
Secretary.

Mrs. Florence Kelley,
General Secretary,
National Consumers' League,
New York, N. Y.

No reply was made to this letter. The officer attacked continues to hold

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the important post in which I found and left him. The critic, however, did not confine herself to one paper. She wrote also to The Outlook, and there encountered an editor who was peculiar in the respect that he thought it wise to inquire into the facts before printing. On March 29, 1916, he wrote me for information. I replied at length on April 1, saying: "Any and all facts respecting the Eastland disaster are at your disposal," and sent three documents covering the subject fully, among them the decision of Justice Sessions, to which reference is made in the letter quoted above and which fully exonerated the two Steamboat Inspectors who had been charged with negligence. I told him:

> It is a flat falsehood to say that "during Inspector-General Uhler's term of office thirty-one boats on the Great Lakes have disappeared with all on board and without investigation." Your unnamed correspondent is challenged to prove the truth of his statement.
>
> Inspector-General Uhler is to remain in office during the coming season of steamboat excursions and has the full confidence of the Department. Nothing whatever reflecting upon him or his management of the Service, or upon the Service itself, has been shown by any testimony to exist in connection with the Eastland disaster. There has been from the beginning a campaign of mendacity on this subject which I hope for the credit of our country has not been equaled in the past and will not be in the future.

The Outlook did not print the attack, and so advised me on April 3. The following brief letter closed the incident:

> April 4th, 1916.
>
> *My dear Mr. Abbott:*
>
> I thank you for your kind note of the 3rd. I think your letter to which my last replied was the second case, certainly I remember no more than two, in which a newspaper or magazine has inquired as to the facts before discussing them. So common has been the habit of criticism without knowledge that in more morbid moments I have evolved rules for current criticism running somewhat thus:
>
> 1—First make your criticism.
> 2—Then get your facts.
> 3—If they fail to sustain you, don't apologize.
>
> To a citizen who is fond of his country and wishes her well, the extent to which these rules are put into practice is appalling. I congratulate you on being a marked exception.
>
> Yours very truly,
> WILLIAM C. REDFIELD,
> Secretary.
>
> Mr. Ernest H. Abbott,
> The Outlook Company,
> 381 Fourth Avenue,
> New York, N. Y.

I have acquired a strong distaste for what I call the hundred per cent reformer. He wants his particular pet reform all at once and now, and sometimes becomes so obsessed in favor of a special kind of righteousness as to do evil in seeking it. As Mr. Glenn Frank wisely says, "The trouble with the uplifters is that they are not the people who are uplifting the world."

FLIPPANT ATTACKS ON PUBLIC MEN

This reminds me—just why I am not sure, but it does—of a certain type of writer. Perhaps the reminder lies in the fact that he also is quite willing to be unfair, or even slanderous, if he can only "get the story over." Such a one, for example, exploits his views through so-called "Mirrors," forgetful that mirrors reflect the author also. The word "cynic" has an unlovely history. Certain ill-tempered, pessimistic philosophers of old Athens were likened to the scavenger dogs of the ancient town by calling them *kunikos—i. e.*, doglike. Our word is a direct survival, as some cynics seem to be.

It is perhaps smart to describe public men in pithy, flippant phrases, assuming intimate knowledge of low motive and selfish purpose. Whether smart or not, it is superficial and ephemeral, and it reflects, not penetration, but a shallow personality. When in an alleged study of public men no generous motive is discerned and no worthy purpose is admitted, one revolts from the book because of its low ethical and intellectual value, understanding that the writer would probably be unable to recognize a lofty ideal if he encountered one. Too many facile writers let their pens run on this low level of flippancy, content to display a puerile pseudo-wisdom in tickling the degraded mental palates of those who prefer to think ill of their fellows.

(C) Harris & Ewing

Budget Director General Dawes "was rather loudly barking up the wrong tree"

GEORGE WASHINGTON UNDER FIRE

The cynic, however, is not new, however modern his methods. There are classic examples in our history of abuse poured upon men of lofty character. Thus: "The consecrated ermine of Presidential Chastity seems too foul for time itself to bleach." "The man who is the source of all the misfortunes of our country . . . is no longer possessed of power to multiply evils upon the United States." "Nefarious projects can no longer be supported by a name." This and more of the kind was visited upon George Washington.

"Every heart," an editor wrote, "ought to beat high with exultation that the name of Washington from this day ceases to give a currency to political iniquity and to legalize corruption." It hurt. Washington called them grossest and insidious misrepresentations in such exaggerated and indecent terms as could scarcely be applied to a Nero, a notorious defaulter, or a common pickpocket. The editor is forgotten, and so will his following be, while the name and fame of Washington shine brighter as the years pass.

FALSE GODS OF THE PRESS

One does not work long in Washington without learning of certain myths in which our friends of the press seem to take joy. This current newspaper mythology deeply tinges editorial philosophy—no, that is not put strongly enough—our editors regard these myths as axioms, and constant repetition has given them wide acceptance. Yet they are like false gods, unreal and worshiped only in blindness. Shall we examine some of them? Here are four:

1—The rivers and harbors appropriations are the well-known "pork-barrel."

2—The departments are chiefly responsible for Government extravagance.

3—A budget causes Government thrift and means financial saving.

4—Government operations are wasteful and do not compare favorably in economy and efficiency with similar private or corporate activities.

To a greater or less degree each of these is of accepted belief. They are

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directly or by inference proclaimed by press and platform. None of them will endure searching examination without serious modification.

There is not even a color of truth in the statement, so oft repeated, that there is "pork" in river and harbor appropriations. Editors put it forth, not knowing what they say. Nay, more, "It can be stated positively that for the past twenty years there has been no such thing as 'pork' in the Rivers and Harbors Bill."

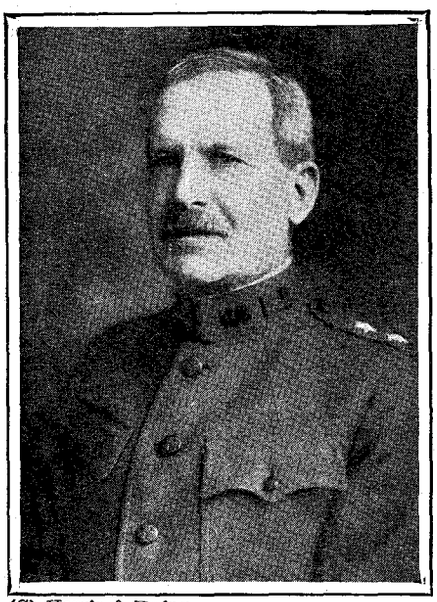
Wait, wait a moment, my editor friends, before you speak. These words are not mine, though I indorse them. They are the statement of Major-General Lansing H. Beach, Chief of Engineers, United States Army, written on February 19, 1923. He ought to know; he spends the money. He is very positive about it, for he says again, "There is no 'pork' in the methods of the present day of securing appropriations for rivers and harbors." What a glorious "beat" it would be for a bright editor to prove him wrong! How he could "heat it up," following such a noble "lead" from an enterprising correspondent! Really, however, dear editor friends, would it not be well to cease looking backward on this subject?

RIP VAN WINKLES OF THE PRESS

For a progressive profession occupied by supposed leaders of opinion, is it not almost scandalous to be twenty years behind the times? But you are so on this subject, many if not most of you, for the Chief of Engineers writes: "There has been a great deal of ignorant attack, . . . and anything which would tend to place the truth before the public would be deeply appreciated." Look into the facts yourselves, and then, remembering that honest confession is good for the soul, do own up and reform. Twenty months would be backward for an editor, but twenty *years!*

Can it, indeed, be possible, dear editors, that this is news to you? I fear so, for as it is written—lo! an editorial in a great New York City daily telling the same old yarn. Please, good friends, read Section 3 of the Act of June 13, 1902, then send a competent man, one who lives in the present, to ask the Chief of Engineers, United States Army, how it is done. Or take him these words of his own which lie before me over his signature: "No case has yet occurred in the twenty years since this method was adopted where Congress has made an appropriation for any waterway which received an unfavorable report from the army engineers."

Does he tell the truth, or do you, dear editors? If he does not, show him up. It would be a rare "story" to expose him, for he is surely the



(C) Harris & Ewing

Major-General Lansing H. Beach, Chief of Engineers, United States Army, who states positively that for the past twenty years there has been no such things as "pork" in the Rivers and Harbors Bill

pork-maker, if there is one. But if he does tell the truth, will you tell your readers plainly just how carefully these expenditures are safeguarded? After years of misinformation, they surely would like to know the facts.

Finally, dear Rip Van Winkle editors, do you not recall writing in your dream some careless words about pork in particular relation to the last appropriation for rivers and harbors? You did write them, many of you, just out of old habit, without looking at the bill and not being fully awake. Here is the exact language of the law under the heading "Rivers and Harbors," page 48 of Act approved March 2, 1923 (H. R. 13793, Public No. 465, 67th Congress):

"To be immediately available and to be expended under the direction of the Secretary of War and the supervision of the Chief of Engineers: for the preservation and maintenance of existing river and harbor works, and for the prosecution of such projects heretofore authorized as may be most desirable in the interests of commerce and navigation—$56,589,910." That is all there is of it. Congress does not order specific work done; it orders a survey, and if the survey brings an unfavorable report, there the matter drops. Of course if in any project the army engineers have erred, you should tell us about it, for that will do them good and us no harm and will show that you are alive. But otherwise, good friends, please give us something more up to date than palæozoic mournings over pork where it is not. Between ourselves, there is pork to be found—not back in the carboniferous era, but to-day, just over yonder in not remote relation to public buildings. One suspects that the wily seekers after pork in that direction are glad to have you keep up a smoke screen about rivers and harbors between the public and the reality. There may be sound reason for criticising the overriding of the Budget, but this must have another basis than imaginary pork where there is no pork and in blindness to it where it really exists.

But we turn to our second myth about those hungry departments so often said to be the source of extravagance. The admirable work of Secretary Mellon and the normal post-war reduction in expenses have made large savings in our annual outlay. The Budget Law promotes co-operation between the departments, which takes the place of a rigid and at times almost a hostile attitude. Under General Dawes's wise direction, official accounting systems have been greatly improved. To these have been added a good reduction in current expenses —not much, indeed, in proportion to our whole outlay, but still a handsome sum. So far as this is really saved and not merely postponed credit should be willingly given for it.

The final facts, however, do not yet appear, and it may take long to learn them. One may ask in no censorious spirit what is left undone and what are to be the consequences? What sacrifice is made for the saving, and what is it to cost us? It was easy some years ago to refuse an appropriation to study the coastal currents of the Pacific; it was less pleasant and more costly to have a fine steamer go ashore later because these currents were unknown. Failure to spend enough has usually meant greater future expense, and every industrial and railway officer knows that deferred maintenance is costly. On this subject bureau chiefs are better informed than Budget chiefs.

"INCANDESCENT BLASPHEMY"

Even an Executive (early in his term) and a Budget Director (with short Washington experience) accepted this second myth and acted upon it. Of course the Director of the Budget is not responsible for what the press said of him, and it is the attitude of the press that now interests us. The luckless department officers were summoned to meet the "Hell and Maria" man face to face. Shall we let a current magazine tell what he did? Thus it told of the Budget Director:

"He crouched, he leaped, he glared, he bellowed. He flailed his arms and pounded his fists. More alarming, however, than his flying legs and clenched hands were his forks of vocal lightning and his blasts of oral thun-

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der. 'You cut!' he cried in substance; 'and cut to the bone, or out you go.'"

Then, so it was written of these department officers: "Between sundown and sunrise, almost, they ceased to be gay prodigals and became serious-faced economists" (*sic*): the author was a little mixed on that last word. As a result our sapient writer adds: "There are to be no more demands for a million when a hundred thousand is plenty."

A writer in the daily press mentions, in referring to the same occasion, "that incandescent blasphemy that sent fiery shivers up the backs of the assembled bureau chiefs who wriggled beneath him." There appears to have been a hot time in the old town that night. All this is vivid, and in its bearing on the department officers as mendacious as amusing, for the Budget Director was rather loudly barking up the wrong tree. There were men in that audience who could have told him things he did not know. Some one of them would have spoken the simple truth had he then said: "Your purpose is laudable, but your emphasis is misdirected. Look not at us, but at the men on Capitol Hill. Ours is the lesser part; we have both done it and will continue to do it. Theirs is the greater part. Can you make them do it? Consider Bonus and Pension Bills and be wise. Why make us the goat, when you know the greatest outlays are neither in our control nor yours?"

Was no editor possessed of sufficient knowledge of Government affairs to discern truthfully on an occasion so widely reported and to guide public opinion by sound criticism? Was it not still true that the estimates prepared by these alleged prodigals were signed by the department heads—that is, by the respective Cabinet officers? I used to sign them, and supposed that in so doing I myself became responsible for them. I do not notice, however, that any Cabinet officers got "Hell and Maria," but that may have been done in private.

Let me here testify to the direct opposite of the inference to be drawn from the preceding incident. I was associated for nearly seven years with a fine group of department officers, few of them of my own appointment, and during that time one of their serious burdens was to do with insufficient means the work which the public asked and Congress required. They saved wherever they could, and it is of public record that they returned to the Treasury every year unexpended balances from many appropriations, but of course there is no "news value" in that; no one bellows about it. There were at least several cases where under their guidance services returned annually to the country many times their cost in cash or direct money value, but this causes neither praise nor profanity.

Some, if not all, of these men were there that night listening to a needless exhortation. I knew other department officers in related services, and cannot say that one of them merited the generally expressed opinion about their extravagance. True, these men asked more and yet more funds in response to public demands, but never in excess of those needed to perform the work required of them, and usually they did not get enough for that.

The alleged relation between the departments and public extravagance is largely mythical, without sufficient basis in ascertained fact, and the current belief in it rests on that habit of ill-informed assertion which constitutes so much of our so-called criticism of public affairs. In all said about it there is an element of "passing the buck" to men whose mouths are officially closed, and who therefore cannot speak in their own defense.

THE THUNDER OF THE BUDGETEERS

The third and related myth concerns the power of a budget. Of course we waited for our Budget far too long, and now that we have it Congress may kick over the traces and does so, as in rivers and harbors. The budget is a worthy animal, but it cannot be the pack-mule to carry the whole burden of public economy any more than the departments can. Moreover, a budget may be either economical or extravagant, and by itself alone has little intrinsic value. Its worth lies, not in its mere presence or in its form, but in the force of intelligent public opinion behind it. Our National Budget cannot alter or even affect the huge items of interest on the public debt or the sinking fund to retire it, nor can it prevent the free action of Congress in making appropriations.

(C) Clinedinst, from Keystone

George R. Putnam, Director of the Lighthouse Service. "To his fine staff the country owes a debt of gratitude for a brilliant achievement"

Thunder as budgeteers may, Congress will do as it chooses about such matters as bonus, pensions, parks, roads, monuments, public buildings, investigations, Congressional salaries and expenses, etc. In brief, good and necessary as the Budget is, its creation does not, as one editor writes, "mark an outstanding epoch in our history." Rather, it is one more good working tool which did not prevent the passage of a bad Pension Bill (wisely vetoed), and does not affect the law requiring the Chief of Engineers to report every December first the amounts which can be advantageously used during the coming year for river and harbor improvements. He did so report last December, and Congress acted on his report rather than the Budget. The protective power of the Budget has been overstated and over-expected by a press which is not well informed on the actual operations of the Government. The picturesque language and conduct of an able Budget Chief have been exploited; little has been done to lead the public mind to clearly understand what a budget can and cannot do.

Budgets come and budgets go, but public demands grow on forever. We shall get public economy when Congress learns that wise expenditure is true economy. We shall get public thrift when the public wants thrift, and not before. Not in the departments, not in the Budget Bureau, not even in Congress lies the final responsibility. Are we ourselves economical? So will our Government be. Are we ourselves extravagant? Our Government reflects us. Thus far we, the public, want thrift in principle, but when it comes close home we do not like it in practice. So the Merchants' Association of New York says recently, "The neglect of Congress to make adequate appropriation for the Postal Service and a large increase of business are putting a severe strain upon the existing postal facilities," and it also objects to "reducing the staff at the Appraiser's Stores." Its Military Committee finds "the fundamental difficulty with the Veterans' Bureau is one which lies at the bottom of every attempt by . . . the Federal Government to administer a task of great complexity, namely, inadequate salaries to secure personnel of the necessary ability."

A Baltimore editor breaks out in alarm that the proposed action to halt Government building "would cause business men everywhere to halt," and the American Society of Safety Engineers calls for a Federal Safety Pro-

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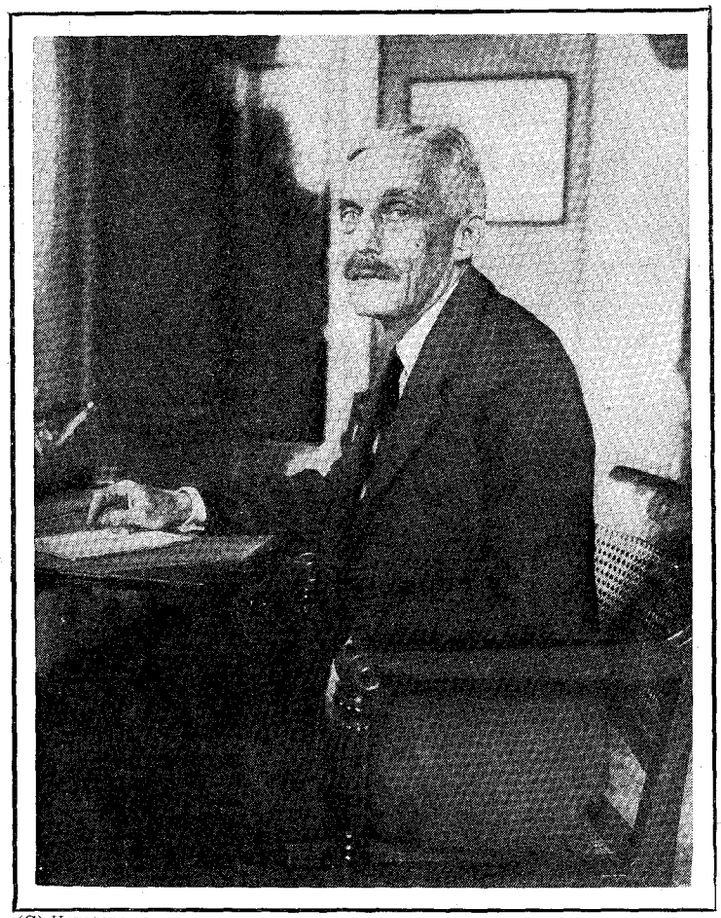
gramme with an administrative body to enforce it.

Congress and departments are under continual pressure from a public which is always reaching out its hands for more. The bonus cry is but one part in a great chorus. A group of leading citizens from an Atlantic port desires a lightship off a certain bay. The department knows a lighted buoy is sufficient. The lightship may cost $100,000, and for maintenance needs a crew of fourteen men. The lighted buoy may cost $2,500, and needs no crew. The department insists upon the buoy; the citizens are equally insistent upon the ship. Their Representative is earnest in supporting their demands.

Such cases are more than many—the department resisting, the public insisting. Nor are these demands always unjustified. Much of our public work is backward to a degree the public do not realize, and we suffer because this is so. For example, the primary surveys (triangulation) of the United States are only about 40 per cent completed; those of India are about 95 per cent completed. Will not our press cease "passing the buck" or proclaiming panaceas, and, instead of repeating bromidic myths, take the course of telling the truth about some service, viz., what are the demands upon it; whence do they come; have they a sound basis; how are they to be met; and what are the results of failing to meet them? Intelligent criticism of this kind would aid the service, assist the Budget Bureau, and be a check on Congress.



(C) Keystone

"Admirable work of Secretary Mellon and the normal post-war reduction in expenses has made large savings in our annual outlay"

UNCLE SAM AS A BUSINESS MAN

A fourth myth is that Government operations are wasteful and compare poorly in economy and effectiveness with similar private or corporate activities. There is just enough of a half-truth in the statements thus summarized to create a substantial falsehood.

The Lighthouse Service of the United States is the largest of its kind in the world and the best. Its active scope extends from the central Pacific (Hawaii) to mid-Atlantic (Porto Rico) and reaches from the Caribbean Sea to the frozen ocean of the north, including our Great Lakes and largest rivers. Incidental to its work are the operation and repair of a large fleet, including the designing of all its own vessels and manufacturing of varied kinds on a considerable scale, together with much engineering and construction work. Among its problems are those of scientific inquiry in several fields, the management of about six thousand employees scattered over a vast area, and the furnishing of isolated stations with every kind of service and domestic supplies under circumstances of peculiar difficulty and sometimes of danger. To administer it is indeed a "task of great complexity." Few corporations make higher demands upon management and personnel, whether in ability, knowledge, character, or courage.

Since this Service was organized in its present form in 1910 it has had but one chief, and to this able and devoted engineer and administrator, Mr. George R. Putnam, and to his fine staff the country owes a debt of gratitude for a brilliant achievement. For several years after they took charge this great organization ran at absolutely less cost than before, while doing vastly more work. It is managed intelligently and economically, and will endure comparison with the best corporate enterprises. Nor would Mr. Putnam claim that it is alone in this respect.

The records show that more than half of the private or corporate concerns fail. Were half the Government departments to be inefficient, the comparison with private operation would not be very adverse. On the other hand, if one compares the best in private affairs with the best in Government, the surprising fact emerges that the former call constantly on the latter for aid and counsel.

One day I told a caller that the greatest business organizations came to the Department for help. He was politely incredulous, so I took him on Monday morning to the Bureau of Standards to let him look over the mail that he might see for himself. He did not take time to see it all, but in what he did see were requests from six great railway systems and more than forty important industries for advice and information. He also saw that large corporations were keeping men in our laboratories at their own expense, and that our staff was constantly called all over the country into factories to give helpful knowledge. The men in a commercial service, the Cost of Production Division, were often asked to show manufacturers how to keep cost accounts and more than once were invited to start accounting systems. In another commercial field we purposed to change a man's work, only to meet with a protest from the National organization of one of our greatest industries because, said they, the man was too useful to them where he was.

Do you know that the men selected by the Department to seek commercial information were often nominated by the great trade organizations, and that in examining them before employment a committee of the nominating body took part? I was glad on one occasion to bring four or five of our commercial men who happened to be in Washington to speak of their

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work at a gathering in New York at which some of our business leaders were present. What was said of them by their hearers would not accord with the usual comments about Government employees. I greatly fear that Government servants as ignorant of their work as some editors are of "pork" would lose their jobs.

"THE DEPARTMENT OF HELP"

Any efficiency engineer will tell you that only a small part of our manufacturers know accurately what their goods cost. I kept cost accounts for many years, but do not recall any records of the kind that are better or more economical than those of the Lighthouse Service. The officer who had charge of our Department accounts, Mr. George Johannes, was taken for his ability into the service of an old manufacturing house in Philadelphia. I remember one day hearing the vice-president of one of our largest industries say that in return for what the Department had done for him his corporation was ready to do anything within its power to express its appreciation. But this was a commonplace, and its like occurred often. The best compliment I had in my Washington work was when I learned that a business man had spoken of the Department as "the Department of Help." As this is written inquiries for information are coming to the numerous offices of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce at the rate of several thousand daily.

Government work is hampered by red tape, by uncertain tenure of management, by managers sometimes more political than practical, by absurd laws and equally absurd demands and interruptions, by political traditions and customs, often by insufficient equipment and funds, and always by insufficient salaries. Most of these difficulties arise from the actual ignorance of Congress concerning the work, or concerning any executive work, for that matter. Yet banks and industries constantly come to Government departments to take away their employees to an extent that adds seriously at times to the problem of management. Is this because from humanitarian reasons they wish to separate a few choice sheep from the evil influence of many goats, or is it because they really find ability there?

Near where this is written are many members of my former Department staff in industries, in banks, in large private organizations, several of them executive officers, and the former members of our scientific staff are scattered all over the land in responsible service among our largest industries. This is altogether inexplicable on the theory of general incompetence. It is certainly true that if corporate business were limited by Government salaries and statutes, the quality of its work would decline. Under conditions which the departments do not create, but to which they must submit, the work done in them often ranks in many respects with private business and corporate standards, and is sometimes superior to them. Instances have already been given in these articles of productive work of a money value which private enterprise would find it hard to equal.

A PROPHET is generally said to be without honor in his own country. Apparently the saying applies to builders of prophets as well as the prophets themselves.

There is one man in the Government service who created the

Perfect Prophet

and our generous Government raised his pay to $3,000 a year. Mr. Redfield tells the story of this infallible prophet in the final installment of his biographical reminiscences of official life in Washington. It will be published in our next week's issue.

THE NEED OF GOVERNMENT EDITORS

Sneers about Government workers are but one more manifestation of an ignorance which knowledge would replace with a just criticism of what is faulty and generous appreciation of what is good.

The press is well provided with editors or critics for music, art, literature, and the drama. The men who cover these fields are able and experienced, selected for their special knowledge of their subject. They bring to their work broad information, keen interest, and sympathetic understanding, and some of them have wide constructive influence because this is so. Is the work of our Government on its non-political side less worthy of wise interpretation? It touches daily the life of every person in the land, often in manifold unknown helpful ways. How far may the spirit of antagonism to Government be due to ignorance of the wonderful beneficence that our Government brings to bear on every life?

The Government to many spells some political squabble, some wordy foolishness, some stern taxation, some restraining forces, but of its manifold helpfulness how little is told! Some newspapers, indeed, are finely appreciative and informing at times, some outstanding achievement is well reported; but on the whole there is no intelligent comprehension or comment respecting great services—truly so called—which affect millions of people.

Why not a Government editor?

He should have nothing to do with politics—that phase concerns perhaps ten per cent of our Government activities, and it receives sufficient, if not superfluous, attention. He should start where Congress and the White House leave off and where actual work begins. He should study and understand the Government as it lives in numerous complex activities, and would have his hands full to keep his associates and special writers from absurd errors.

Such an editor could interpret the Government as now is not done, and if he were vigilant and wise his work would cause scales to fall from the public eyes. To-day there are few such interpreters and the news and editorial columns of the press contain mistakes which are sometimes amusing and often misleading and too frequently flippant statements of unrealities.

The Government departments are better than Congress believes them to be and more efficient than editors or the public think they are. They are, indeed, with the separate services, the whole Government in its active relation to the people at large, and there are few in press or on platform to speak intelligently of them in praise or blame. Yet hidden in them, as an old correspondent said, are wonderful stories of achievement.

The Government has grown so vast as to be quite beyond the ken of Congress. Few of our citizens can now have any clear comprehension of it, though keenly interested to learn of its work. It is the more strange that our press should not yet have grasped the fact that it is worth interpreting accurately to its own citizens. In more than one sense it is true, as a financial journal recently said, that "there is in this country . . . a stable and even flourishing market for mare's-nests." This would largely cease to be and our whole political and social outlook would be clarified if we brought to the discussion of Government such expert knowledge in criticism as is now given art, music, and literature. It is well worth doing, but we have not yet found it out.

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OTHER PEOPLE'S PRICES

BY O. M. KILE

"TWICE as many people as usual left the farms last summer to go to work in the cities," says the Secretary of Agriculture, Henry Wallace, in his annual report to the President.

"Bricklayers in New York City are striking for $25 per day [1] and plasterers for $30 per day," asserted E. P. Doyle, an officer of the National Real Estate Board, recently, when appearing before a Senate committee.

These two observations, with a little explanation and elaboration, very nearly answer the question, "What's wrong with the farmer?" Incidentally, they mark a situation that gives promise of spreading grief in more than one direction before long.

There is no use, I suppose, in turning on the briny tears at this late date, but if any one is still unconvinced that real trouble has come to the farmer he might find interesting reading in some of the thousands of pathetic letters that come into the hands of the Department of Agriculture. Here is a typical letter from a farmer in a Western State:

"Our neighbor joining us on the east, a hard-working man, had rented 320 acres of land. He and his wife and one hired man farmed it. They had about 100 head of cattle and about the same number of hogs. The first of December they turned everything over to the landlord, save one team, which they hitched to an old wagon, put in their household goods, got in the wagon themselves, and drove away to town to get work at day labor and make a new start in life."

Here is the set of conditions that put Mr. and Mrs. Farmer and the little Farmers on the skids and sent them slipping and jolting toward the city. The facts are set forth by O. E. Bradfute, President of the American Farm Bureau Federation:

"When we trade corn for building material, the corn dollar is worth only 60 cents. With other products it's even worse. Our beef-cattle dollar is worth only 50 cents when traded for house furnishings. And when we must exchange hogs for fuel our hog dollar figures at the rate of only 45 cents."

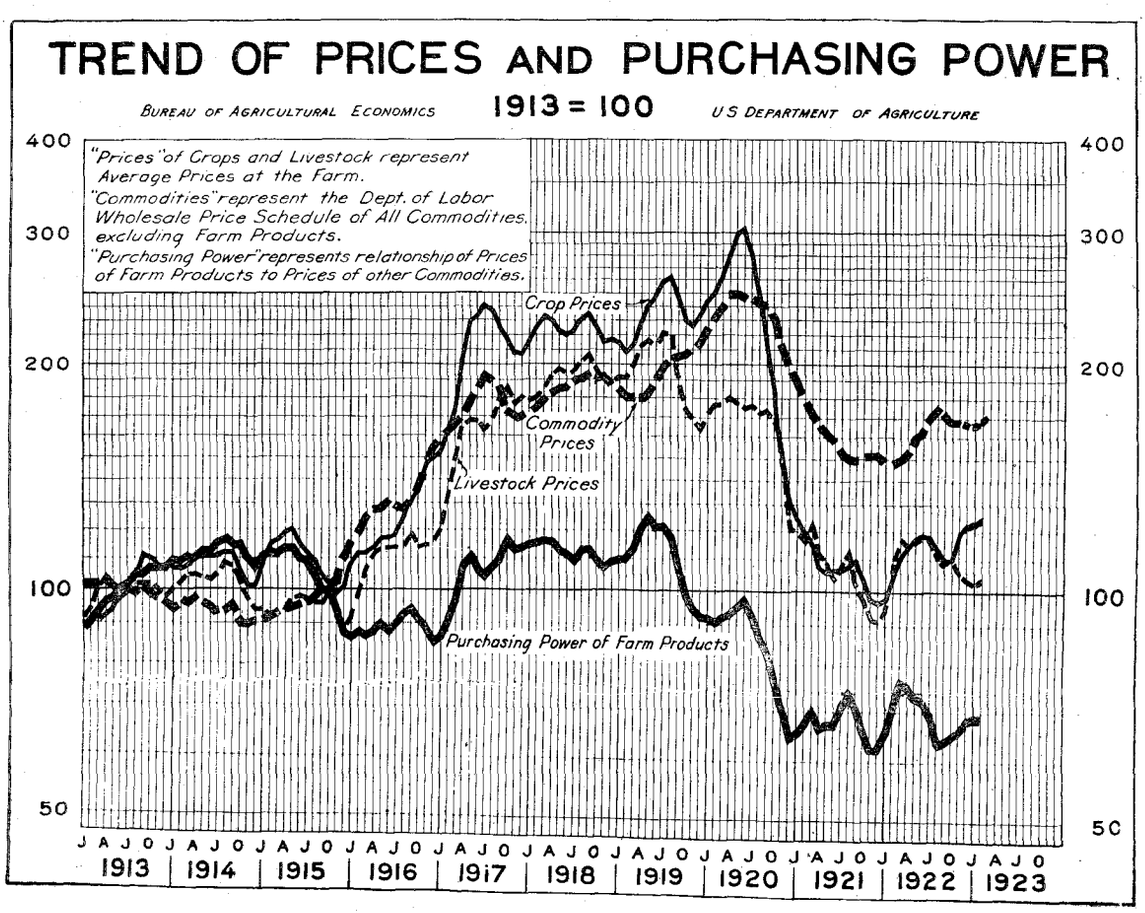
Take a look at the diagram shown on this page. Those rising and falling lines tell the story.

Suppose we start back in 1913, when we assume a certain well-settled level of prices existed. Everybody was on the same level then, or nearly so. We call that level 100 per cent. Now during the next seven years prices went up pretty much together. Then in 1920–1 came the big slump in farm crop prices. The line representing that slump drops nearly to the 1913 level—100. The prices of other things followed shortly, but dropped only about half as far, as the line shows. This relative position of prices of things the farmer buys to the things he sells held until about August, 1921, then farm crop prices slumped again and went below the 1913 level.

But prices of most other commodities went right along without any more cuts. And that is where the farmer's hardest times came. The value of his dollar in November and December, 1921, measured in terms of what it would buy at the clothing store, hardware store, or grocery, was only 62 cents.

Luckily, farm crop prices recovered, and by March of last year the average farmer was somewhat better off—in purchasing power at least—than he was the previous summer. Things

[1] The union rate for bricklayers in New York City is $12 per day. With overtime some may make $16 or $18.


TREND OF PRICES AND PURCHASING POWER
BUREAU OF AGRICULTURAL ECONOMICS
1913 = 100
U S DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
"Prices" of Crops and Livestock represent Average Prices at the Farm.
"Commodities" represent the Dept. of Labor Wholesale Price Schedule of All Commodities excluding Farm Products.
"Purchasing Power" represents relationship of Prices of Farm Products to Prices of other Commodities.
Crop Prices
Commodity Prices
Livestock Prices
Purchasing Power of Farm Products
400
300
200
100
50
J A J O J A J O J A J O J A J O J A J O J A J O J A J O J A J O J A J O J A J O J A J O
1913
1914
1915
1916
1917
1918
1919
1920
1921
1922
1923

OTHER PEOPLE'S PRICES REDUCED TO BLACK AND WHITE

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picked up and looked good. Signs of prosperity were many.

But again the prices of other commodities responded more rapidly than did farm products. Prices of most commodities have gone up materially since April of last year, and, while farm crop prices have increased somewhat, yet they have failed to keep pace. The purchasing power of the farmer's dollar again dropped off—it is worth even to-day only about 69 cents.

In most parts of the country except the cotton States the situation is not even as favorable as indicated by the diagram, for the reason that the crop price line used here includes cotton, which is well above the 1913 relative price.

The trouble is, as Senator Capper points out, that industry and labor occupy one income level and agriculture occupies an entirely different and much lower level. It is like a short-legged man trying to keep up with a man on stilts; it's a hard and unsatisfactory job, to say the least.

Now of course there are two obvious remedies. Either the level of the farmer's prices must be brought up or the level of other people's prices must be brought down. Either of these two solutions is possible. It would take artificial measures to bring the farmer's level up, it is true, but it could be done—at least for a year or two. No less than half a dozen bills which aimed at this end were considered in the last Congress. One bill that would have put the Government into the business of artificially raising the prices of farm crops was favorably reported by the Committee on Agriculture.

Nobody, so far as I am aware, believes that this latter method is the proper way to bring about the desired adjustment. But the farmer has waited patiently for two long, hard years for industry and labor to deflate and get down to a permanent basis of equality with him—somewhere near the 1913 level, which we must assume was approximately the proper interrelationship, since natural forces acting through many years and in what we call "normal" times had established that level. The farmer is getting tired of waiting, and is devising means of cutting the cards for a new deal. This is how Senator Capper views the situation:

"If industry and labor persist in staying up on their artificial level, bolstering themselves with price agreements, wage contracts, and the use of force—if they will not listen to reason and deflate to the natural level, I repeat, I have a great deal of sympathy for such artificial adjustments as may be needed to arbitrarily raise the farmer's price level to the plane assumed by these other groups."

A good many people seem to think that it is a lack of European markets that causes low farm crop prices in this country. It is true of course that if Europe could buy more foodstuffs our prices would be higher. But why should we expect to export more than we are actually sending out to-day? I wonder how many people realize that last year we exported more agricultural products than we did at the height of the war—in fact, more than ever before in our history, with the single exception of the preceding year.

The total tonnage of our agricultural exports last year was more than twice as much as in any of the years just preceding the outbreak of the European War. The export figures as calculated by the Department of Commerce for the principal crops are: 1910, 5,716,000 tons; 1914, 10,687,000 tons; 1921, 18,455,000 tons; and 1922, 16,351,000 tons.

No, we can't blame our present disjointed agricultural condition on lack of exports. Farm crop prices in the export markets are quite satisfactory as compared with 1913 prices. Scarcely any crop fails to show a good substantial premium over pre-war levels. There is no kick on that score. The whole trouble from the farmer's standpoint is that prices for other things—the things he has to buy—are held in the United States high above the world levels. And of course the farmer is estopped from exchanging his crops for the cheaper goods made abroad because of the tariff wall.

It's a great game, this National game of tag, with industry and labor away up on stilts and the farmer dodging around on the ground trying to keep from getting run over and either punched full of holes or mashed out flat.

But the fellow up on long stilts should remember one thing: When he trips and falls, he hits the ground all the harder. The crash is roughly proportional to the *square* of the height of the stilts—as our mathematical friends would say.

Will the stilt-walkers get down to earth quietly, gradually, and peaceably, or must they come down with a crash? Shall agriculture suffer on, awaiting and perhaps abetting this catastrophe, or shall Congress take drastic means to endeavor to force a better adjustment?

Now, while the Solons are arguing these questions pro and con and crosswise, let's go back and see what became of Mr. and Mrs. Farmer and the fine younger Farmers who were set adrift toward the city with their entire worldly possessions either on their backs or stowed away in the box of the old farm wagon.

The second day after landing in the near-by city of some 200,000 inhabitants Mr. Farmer had found a job. Quite a building boom was on, and the foreman was glad to get men who could handle teams intelligently. It seemed odd to Mr. Farmer at first to have some one tell him what to do at every turn. He had been used to telling others what to do. But the foreman soon saw that he knew his job, and it wasn't long until Mr. Farmer was in charge of the teaming crew.

He was getting $5 a day then, and had found an old house away out on the edge of town where rent was cheap. It took a long time to get home, to be sure, but then there was no milking nor feeding nor chores to be done when he got there. Nothing but to eat supper, read the paper, maybe take Mrs. Farmer to a movie if he wanted to, and then go to bed. He slept soundly for the first time in three years. No mortgage coming due, no sick cattle to look after, no worry about drought, floods, or freezes. It was a matter of small importance to him whether cattle prices went up or went down. Even two cents a pound either way—which formerly meant the full difference between a year's profit or loss—now made no noticeable difference in his meat bill. So why worry?

It is true that it puzzled Mr. Farmer a bit when he found that the carpenters on this building job were getting $9 a day, with extra for overtime. He had been something of a carpenter himself. He had taken full responsibility for the construction of the big barn on the farm he rented and he had frequently done repair work around the house which looked fully as good as, if not better than, some of the work done by the carpenters on this job. And even the poorest paid carpenter got $9 per day.

He spoke to the boss about transferring to the carpenter force. The boss said, "Let's see your card."

Mr. Farmer couldn't see much sense in the boss's gruff reply, "How in blazes do you expect me to hire you as a carpenter unless you've got a union card!" He himself had hired half a dozen carpenters at various times, and had never inquired about their union cards. That was a poser. He had to think it over carefully that night at home.

Another thing that made Mr. Farmer do some thinking was the fact that potatoes, which he had been glad to sell from his farm in the fall at 60 cents a bushel, cost him $2 a bushel now that he had to get them from the grocery. He expected a considerable mark-up of course, but an increase of 333 per cent didn't seem *just* right.

But, on the whole, the Farmer family enjoyed more prosperity than they

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had known for years, and so when a brother-in-law back in the old farm community wrote telling about his troubles they immediately advised him to sell off his holdings and join them in town. Within six months five different families from that one community gave up the struggle on the farm and answered the call of the city.

Perhaps that is why Secretary Wallace's survey last year showed such a high percentage of increase in migration to the city. That is why, no doubt, as I pick up a newspaper I read advertisements like this:

> For Sale—160 acre farm, live stock, tools, etc. Ten miles from town, on good road. May be purchased for less than cost of the improvements. Owner moving to city.

But what is to come of all this? Where will it end? Is it the city or the country that must suffer from this movement? Perhaps both will suffer. Let us look further.

Undoubtedly, the first effect on the country is all to the good. Every time a farm family moves to town the number of food producers is decreased and the number of purchasers of food increased. In other words, a five per cent shift in population becomes a ten per cent change in the food situation.

Now this process cannot go on long without involving very profound changes in our National economic structure—not to mention our social and moral structure.

Just now there is a great demand for workmen. But is it a safe and solid demand or an artificial and misleading demand? The war period left us with a great housing shortage. Our railway equipment had run down, too. We had a new appreciation of good hard-surfaced highways, and we bonded ourselves for many hundred million dollars' worth of highway improvements. This in turn opened up new markets for automobiles, and we are right in the flush of supplying this demand.

All this brings a show of prosperity. We are patting ourselves on the back—and putting prices up a notch higher.

Again let us ask, is this apparent prosperity on a safe and sound basis?

Some day, perhaps not very many years hence, we as a nation shall be on a self-supporting and self-contained basis. We shall export little but tourists. In that day we shall care little about world price levels. Prices in this country will be the only things that count. We have within our continental and insular boundaries practically all the raw materials we need, and we could be practically independent of the world, although under such conditions our business growth would have to be slowed down somewhat.

Problems of the American Farm

WITH Mr. Kile's article The Outlook has begun a series of discussions of American farm problems and American farm resources. These articles will deal with both the opportunities and the difficulties of our farm population. Three of these articles illustrate their varied character:

Banking on Character

By George M. Rommel

tells the story of a farm loan system built on the honor of the men who operate it.

The World's Struggle for Fats

By Charles W. Holman

recounts the amazing demand for vegetable oils and the interplay of agriculture and industry in the solution of this problem.

Three Jews Who Are Helping Make Farming Pay

By Silas Bent

is an illuminating study of the application of economic science to the problems of farm marketing and farm finance.

Other farm articles will be announced in future issues.

But that day of self-sufficiency has not arrived as yet. We are at present so adjusted as to depend upon exports to utilize a certain margin of our production. Cutting off this surplus, particularly at this time, when we are over-equipped with war-expanded production facilities, would mean a distinct slowing up in all lines. Let this take place, and all the veneer of apparent prosperity would be torn away in an instant. It would be seen, for instance, that a considerable share of the present demand for houses comes from those who have moved in from the country, like Mr. and Mrs. Farmer, to help build houses. A good share of the demand for automobiles and furniture comes from those who are getting high salaries and wages for designing, building, and selling these houses. And so on down the line. It is a regular house-that-Jack-built proposition. A stoppage any place in the line would tie up the whole procession. Obviously this is a dangerous sort of prosperity. It is so likely to blow up without much warning.

The thing that threatens—threatens ominously and near at hand—to interrupt what might otherwise be safe, sane, and solid prosperity, is this high price level, artificially maintained by labor and industry. These groups have marooned themselves on an island of high prices, so far as world trade is concerned.

It is cutting off our exports of manufactured goods. It has greatly cut down the purchasing power of the farmer. The channels of production and trade are not in proper working order. This temporary spurt of activity in building and related lines, coupled with a sort of secondary inflation reflected in increased activity at the banks, is not fooling the really broad-visioned business leaders.

Most business men and labor leaders are, unfortunately, so busy skimming the cream as fast as it rises that they haven't time to inquire as to what makes it rise, or even whether it will keep on rising. But there are many in positions of prominence here and there who recognize this price-relationship situation at its full significance as a pressing National problem. They see that it must be met at once in order to avoid ultimate catastrophe. And, furthermore, they realize that unless labor and industry correct this situation themselves there will be plenty of tinkers in the next Congress ready to make the necessary adjustments. And experience has shown that in the heat and turmoil of Congressional action the monkey-wrench and over-size sledge-hammer are frequently used, where the same result might be accomplished with less pain to all concerned by the use of more delicate and better-suited tools.

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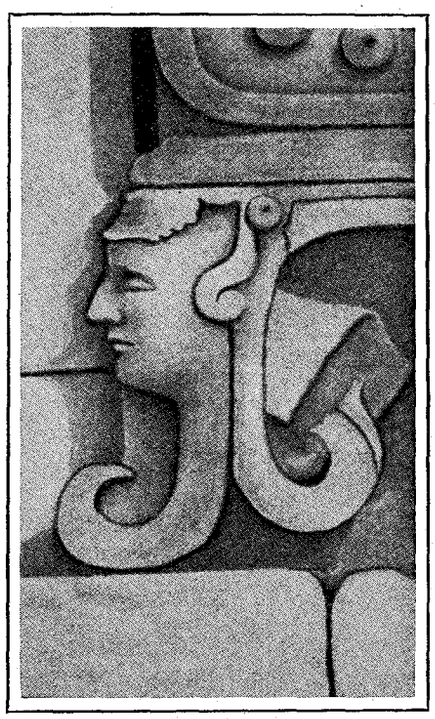
PIONEERS OF MAYAN RESEARCH

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

SOME amusement, much exultation—on behalf of others now, alas! not here to feel it for themselves—and, I fear, a little of the spirit of "I told you so!" rose in my mind at the manifestations of popular and scientific interest in the recent discoveries and rediscoveries in Yucatan, together with wonderment almost akin to awe at the coincidence of those performances with the achievements of Lord Carnarvon in the Valley of the Kings—a coincidence which prompted many references to Yucatan as "the Egypt of America." For I remembered the real pioneers of Mayan research, who at Uxmal, Chichenitza, and elsewhere a generation ago discovered and examined most of those mighty remains of ancient civilization which are now exciting the admiration of archæologists, and who at that time explicitly indicated the closest of historical relations between Yucatan and the Valley of the Nile. But neither scientists nor the public would then credit, or even respectfully listen to, the veracious revelations of those explorers, but ridiculed and denounced them as emulators of Baron Munchausen.

It is now about forty years since I first met and had the privilege in a very humble capacity of co-operating with Dr. Augustus Le Plongeon and his gifted wife, who was formerly Miss Alice Dixon, of Brooklyn. They had recently come from their years of labor, peril, and gigantic achievement in the wildernesses of Yucatan, and were settled in an old granite and brick mansion on Washington Street, Brooklyn, adjoining the original building of the Brooklyn Institute, both structures a little later demolished to make room for the railway extension of the Brooklyn Bridge approach. There they had a vast accumulation of Mayan antiquities, and of photographs, sketches, and papier-maché casts of inscriptions, statuary, and architectural decorations, enough to stock a large museum of unsurpassed interest. It was expected by them that these fruits of their toil would be accepted by some museum or learned society, and that an appreciative hearing would be given by scientific bodies and by the public to their revelations of the marvels of Mayan civilization and of the history, mythology, and folk-lore of that people.

In this they were bitterly disappointed. Ears were deaf, eyes were blind, and doors were barred against them. A few, a very few, American scholars recognized the epochal value of their work and gave them credit for it. The majority were coldly indifferent or openly hostile. All the actors in the wretched tragedy are now dead, and I shall not recall their names. But some of the most influential leaders and patrons of American archæological and ethnological research apparently set themselves to discredit Dr. Le Plongeon and to prevent recognition of his achievements. They derided him and denounced him as a romancer and fabricator, at par



SCULPTURED PORTRAIT OF QUEEN MOO IN HALF-RELIEF ON THE ENTABLATURE OF THE EAST FAÇADE OF THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE AT UXMAL. PHOTOGRAPHED BY DR. LE PLONGEON

with the author of the notorious "Cardiff Giant," then still fresh in memory. They went so far as to deny that the Mayas were ever a people of importance or that they had any civilization or left any remains worth studying; certainly they were not to be compared with the Aztecs and Incas! So Dr. and Mrs. Le Plongeon got no adequate public hearing, and their books had to be published at their own expense. Yet to-day all the revelations which they then made and which were ridiculed and rejected are completely verified.

It was at the cost of no little personal peril that the Le Plongeons undertook their epochal quest, for at that time the Maya nation was still independent, and was intensely suspicious of foreigners and inclined to treat them rather strenuously. Since 1847 they had held their own against Mexico—I remember that in my school geographies Yucatan was described and portrayed on the maps as a separate country—and it was not until after the Le Plongeons went thither that Porfirio Diaz succeeded in bringing them into the Mexican Republic. The success of Dr. Le Plongeon in ingratiating himself with the Mayas, so that he was not only permitted to conduct his researches freely, but was welcomed, assisted, and treated with peculiar favor and confidence, was due to two causes. One was his skill in treating yellow-fever patients. He had himself had that disease severely, and was thus practically immune, and of course quite fearless in visiting and treating patients.

The other and more influential cause was of a more romantic nature. In the course of his explorations he came upon a heroic statue of one of the great demigods of Maya mythology, exquisitely carved and well preserved. As the encumbering vines were torn away, revealing the stone face, the native workmen started back in amazement, then turned their eyes upon Dr. Le Plongeon with looks of awe and wonder, and finally fell before him in an attitude of adoration. When he demanded the meaning of their extraordinary conduct, they pointed to the stone face, and then at him. This added to his bewilderment until Mrs. Le Plongeon, heroically concealing the almost irrepressible mirth she felt, whispered to him, "They think it's your statue, or that you are their god, returned to life." And indeed the likeness was startling. Had the statue been meant for an effigy of the explorer, it could scarcely have been more perfect. Nor could Dr. Le Plongeon's disclaimers persuade the Mayas that it was not he. Their chief priests were called into consultation, and solemnly proclaimed to the people that one of the great heroes of Maya antiquity had indeed returned to them. Thereafter Dr. Le Plongeon was regarded with little less than adoration; his every wish was law, and the priests and wise men revealed to him much of the ancient lore of the Mayas which was withheld from the common people, including the meaning of many of the hieroglyphs and many of the proper names and other words of the ancient Maya language. They also told him in detail the story of the tragic downfall of the Maya Empire and the relationship of Maya civilization and mythology to that of Egypt and India.

Dr. Le Plongeon did not at that time essay to determine the much-vexed question of the single or the multiple origin of the races of men. But he did most resolutely maintain that close intercourse had existed between the Mayas and the peoples of the Eastern Hemisphere. Of this he adduced many indications which

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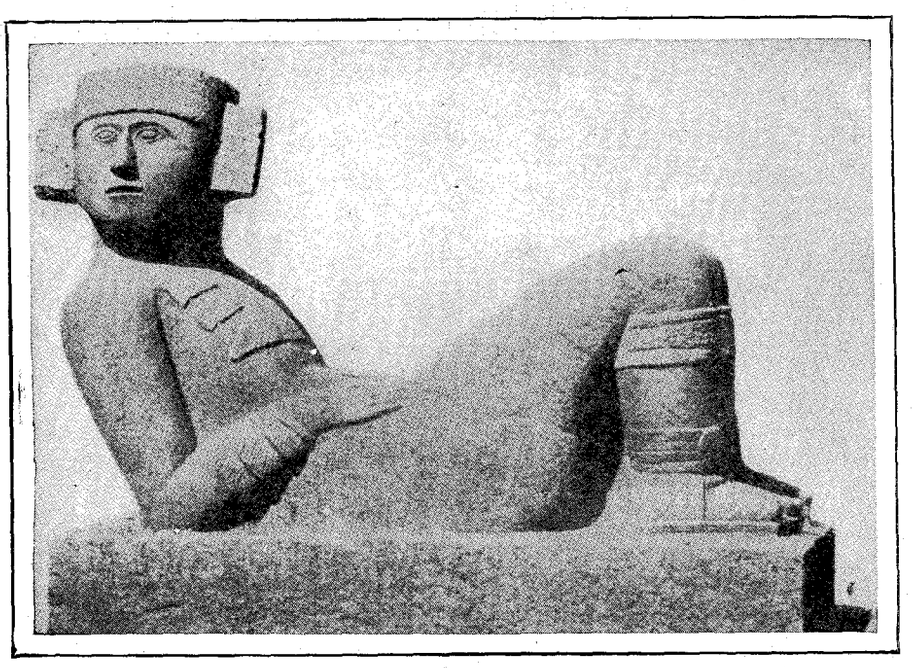
seemed quite convincing. Thus on the walls of the great temple at Chichenitza he found Maya hieroglyphs intermingled with others which were unmistakably Egyptian. Placing, as I did, photographs of the two side by side, it was impossible to distinguish between those which were on the banks of the Nile and those which were in the wilderness of Yucatan. One day I received from a friend in Burma a portfolio of photographs of sculptures and elaborate architectural decorations. This I took to Dr. Le Plongeon and showed it to him, whereupon he produced photographs of Maya sculptures and decorations substantially identical with the Burmese.

Still more striking were the linguistic and legendary resemblances. The very name of Maya was a case in point. The root, "Ma," signifies in the Maya language the earth, or a place; and it was thus used by ancient Indian sages. The mother of Gautama Buddha was named Maha Maya, and in the Indian epic "Ramayana" the name Maya is borne by a great warrior and explorer. Of course the goddess Maia is well known in Greek and Roman mythology, and it is significant that May-day festivals, including dancing around a ribbon-decked Maypole, have been practiced by the Mayas from time immemorial. The name or title Kan was borne by the ancient sovereigns of the Mayas, and Dr. Le Plongeon plausibly identified it with the familiar Khan of Asiatic countries. As for legendary lore, that of the Mayas bore striking resemblance to that of Asia and Europe. The story of Cain and Abel was unmistakably set forth in great colored cartoons on the temple walls. The story of the Noachian Deluge was a part of Maya tradition, even to the detail of forty days and forty nights of rain.



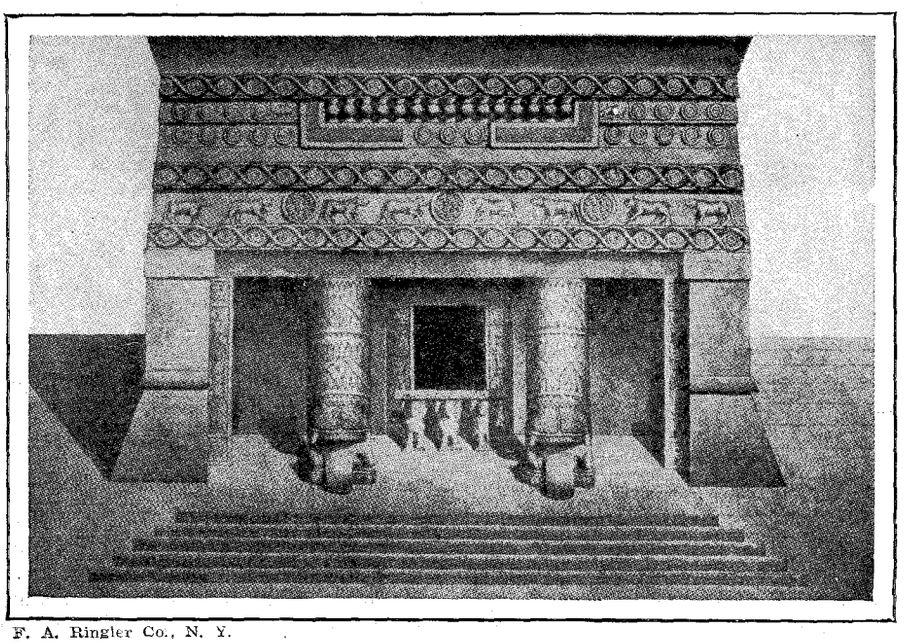
SEMI-RECUMBENT STATUE OF PRINCE COH. DISCOVERED AND PHOTOGRAPHED AT CHICHENITZA BY DR. LE PLONGEON IN 1875

But, since these two Biblical legends are common to many other lands, still more impressive, to my mind, was the Maya tradition of Atlantis. This told of a great island in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, called Mu in the Maya language, which was submerged by the convulsions of an earthquake shock some eight or nine thousand years ago. On the Pyramid of Xochicalco Dr. Le Plongeon found inscriptions telling that it was erected as a memorial of the lost island of Mu, and was made as a model of the sacred hill in that island—the sacred hill which Plato in his account of Atlantis describes as crowned with a temple dedicated to Poseidon.

Seeing that the Atlantis legend originated in Egypt, or at least was imparted by the priests of that country to Solon, and from him passed on to Plato, it was most interesting to Dr. Le Plongeon to observe that the inscriptions relating to it consisted of Maya and Egyptian hieroglyphs intermingled.

Another resemblance between the Mayas and the ancient Egyptians was in the fact that in both countries royal brothers and sisters were required by religious law to marry, and it was this custom which led to the great tragedy of Maya history. The famous Queen Moo (the name is pronounced to rhyme with "snow") was required to marry her brother Aac (the vowel sounded as in "dark"). But she refused, and instead married another brother, Coh (the name also rhyming with "snow"). In consequence, Coh was treacherously murdered by Aac, who admitted his guilt and was exiled from the royal city of Chichenitza, another brother, Cay (pronounced Kah-ee), who was the High Priest, prophesying that the crime would cause the downfall of the Maya Empire. Queen Moo built a great memorial to Coh in the great square at Chichenitza, where Dr. Le Plongeon found a recumbent statue of Coh and a stone urn containing what was believed to be his heart embalmed with red oxide of mercury, together with a carved stone talisman of Queen Moo's, which she placed there in order to link her destiny with Coh's in the future life. Later Aac began a war to regain the throne and to compel Moo to marry him. Moo was defeated and fled from the country, while Aac became a tyrant and was deposed and slain by his own people. Thus the Kan dynasty became extinct. As for Queen Moo, she found asylum in Egypt, where she became the wife of the King.

Not the least noteworthy character-



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MEMORIAL TEMPLE TO PRINCE COH AT CHICHENITZA. RESTORED IN DRAWING BY DR. LE PLONGEON

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istic of Mayan sculptured and pictorial art, to which Dr. Le Plongeon called my attention, was its singular and invariable modesty in matters of sex. There was no such frank portrayal of the unclad human form as in the sculptures of Greece, and of course never a hint of anything like the astounding obscenities of Pompeii and of certain Indian temples—such as that which, according to Kipling, made even the redoubtable Mulvaney blush. A veritably Puritanical spirit seems to have prevailed, and this Dr. and Mrs. Le Plongeon found surviving at the present day; a fact which caused Mrs. Le Plongeon some innocent embarrassment. For reasons of convenience, efficiency, and safety she preferred while exploring the jungles to wear male attire. But for a woman to display her legs, clad in trousers or knickerbockers, would have been regarded by Maya women as scandalous and would cause her and her husband to be regarded with aversion. So the little lady provided herself also with a skirt of mohair, which when there were no women about she wore rolled up snugly about her waist. But the moment a Maya woman hove in sight a touch of the fastenings let it fall so that it reached her ankles, and Maya modesty was saved!

Mrs. Le Plongeon was a gifted musician as a singer, as a performer, and as a composer, and she made a special study of Maya music, much of which she learned and committed to writing. Her mastery of some of their ancient songs and her sympathetic rendering of them greatly ingratiated her with the Mayas and convinced them that she, like her husband, was a reincarnation of one of their own people of ages past. She also put into poetical form the legend of Queen Moo, which her husband had made the subject of a volume. She survived her husband for a number of years, and after his death was a frequent lecturer in New York City as well as a contributor to the periodical press.

Both Dr. and Mrs. Le Plongeon lived and died in entire confidence that in time their researches and discoveries would be recognized and appreciated by the world and that the remains of Maya civilization and culture would rank among the most interesting and instructive of all relics of past ages. What must be their sentiments in the Elysian Fields to-day at seeing Chichenitza and Uxmal regarded as "the Egypt of America"?

GETTING ABOUT IN RUSSIA

BY ARTHUR RUHL

THE best proof that the Russian railways are not in a state of "collapse" is that the enormous amounts of supplies set down at the Black Sea and Baltic ports by the ships of the American Relief Administration were actually delivered.

Thousands of car-loads were transported, many of them in the dead of winter, over distances corresponding to those between New York and the Mississippi Valley—the longest haul was of 1,400 miles between Novorossisk, on the Black Sea, and Ufa, near the Urals—and the food got there and the starving were fed. It was not done without sacrificing other transportation needs nor without constant hammering by the A. R. A. itself, but it was done.

The railways are in bad shape nevertheless. And, in spite of new locomotives from Sweden, new cars and locomotives made or repaired in Russia itself, a good deal of work on the roadbed, and a very noticeable improvement in the passenger service here and there, it is doubtful whether the total gain is more than keeping pace with the total depreciation.

Mountains of figures, most of them of doubtful accuracy, have been printed to prove this or that, and I shall quote here only those given by the Commissar of Transportation, Dzherinsky, at the All-Russian conference of transport workers last October—not as anything complete, but merely as indicative of conditions which the responsible Soviet authorities frankly admit themselves. According to Dzherinsky, Russia had then 7,488 locomotives instead of the 20,320 of 1913, and of these the percentage of damaged ones had increased from 17 to 62.7. Some such measure as this applied all along the line will suffice to suggest the general state of things.

As an inspector from the A. R. A. the writer traveled all over European Russia, from Petrograd in the north to the Black Sea ports of Odessa and Theodosia in the south, and from Kiev in the west to Orenburg and Ufa on the Siberian border. He slept between sheets in luxurious International *wagon-lits* and bunked on wooden benches in third-class cars packed with people, their lunches and tea-kettles. The observations made here are those of a practical traveler—not statistics, but a rough picture of what "getting about in Russia" is like in these days.

The American reader must remember that travel in Russia even in the "good old times" was very different from what it is on the main lines in our own country. It was always comfortable enough, but the Russian notion of comfort, like that of most of Europe, was very different from that to which our own spoiled bodies are accustomed. Many will recall the shrieks of anguish that rent the air, at the time of the mobilization on the Mexican border a few years ago, from mothers whose sons were compelled to travel in first-class upholstered coaches instead of Pullmans. In France, as the sons learned later, soldiers were transported in the same cars as their horses.

There were sleeping-cars and dining-cars in Russia in the old days, but anybody but a grand duke was content, generally, to snuggle into the corner of an ordinary first or second class compartment, wrap a shawl about his legs, turn up his coat collar, and snooze until morning. Most people carried lunch-baskets, and the humbler sort tea-kettles. At every station of any size there was a buffet and that delightful Russian invention, the *kipiatok* or hot-water tank, from which it was always possible to fill your kettle for tea. The trains poked along in leisurely fashion, stopping for a quarter or half an hour every now and again. People tumbled out, filled their tea-kettles, bought fruit or honey or fresh butter and cheese from the peasants who had come to the train for that amiable purpose. The warning bells rang: first bell; five or ten minutes later, another; third bell—and everybody, in great haste and lugging his purchases, hurried aboard again. Then followed tea; lunches shared with the others in the same compartment. It was something like stage-coaching or traveling with a caravan.

There is plenty of this sort of traveling in Russia to-day, and that sleeping-cars are almost extinct and that the locomotive burns wood and the train may be half a day late troubles the passengers not at all. In summer, when the windows are open, and nobody needs to bother about keeping warm, and there are melons and apples and things to buy at every station, even crowding into a third-class car is no particular hardship.

It would have been quite possible last summer to travel from Moscow to any of the southern Russian cities and to "live on the country" even in the famine neighborhoods. For, al-

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though people might be starving in villages ten or twenty miles back from the railway, and although half-starved refugees were lying about the station and begging beneath the car windows, there was food to be bought by those who had money. Relief workers took their own food with them (canned things, for the most part, sent out from home), but if one didn't mind living for three or four days on bread and tea and an occasional onion or dried fish, it was quite possible to do so.

The real unpleasantness, and occasional danger, especially in winter when typhus is prevalent, is from bedbugs and lice. The peasants pay no attention whatever to these little strangers, except now and then to have a friend go through their manes and catch the more visible and active lodgers, and as trains have been used for transporting troops and by all sorts of people in the past five years and never thoroughly disinfected, one is never quite at ease. Typhus is carried by the body louse, and, while it is not as dangerous a disease as our own flu and pneumonia, people compelled to travel constantly in winter, especially foreigners who have not as yet any of the Russian's partial immunity to this infection, are more or less taking their lives in their hands.

About one-third of the A. R. A. couriers who traveled constantly between Moscow and the provinces last winter were always down with typhus, and the majority of them, I suppose, came down with it sooner or later. The Americans generally had their own cars to travel in—cars reserved for this purpose by the Soviet Government, and thoroughly cleaned and disinfected—but a number of those who were compelled to take sledge trips and put up for the night in peasant houses came down with typhus.

The best train open to the general public in Russia since the Revolution ran last autumn during the revival of the Nizhni Novgorod fair between Moscow and Nizhni Novgorod. It was a propaganda train in a sense, designed for the comfort of foreigners visiting the fair and to give the latter a definite air of reality, but it ran regularly every night for several months. It was exactly like a peace-time express—*wagon-lits*, with clean linen and a well-trained *provodnik*, or porter, to make one's bed and bring one tea and biscuits in the morning just before the train arrived at Nizhni. On the night I took this train I had brought along my bedding, as usual, and had just started to make up my bed when I was interrupted by the porter informing me reproachfully that this was quite unnecessary. He was like the head waiter at the Savoy (a hotel opened for the public in Moscow last summer), who, when I started absent-mindedly to stuff a raincoat under my chair in the dining-room, hastily pulled it out and took it to the coat-room with a similarly reproachful, "We have *everything* here!"

The second-best service was on the run between Moscow and Petrograd—nightly expresses made up of first or second class compartment cars (not *wagon-lits*) with mattresses or upholstered seats, but no blankets. These trains left in the evening, and set you down in the other town, as of old, early next morning. They were clean, but there was less attention to the niceties, and if you wanted anything to eat or drink you were supposed to "rustle" it for yourself.

Passenger service between Moscow and the south—Kiev and Odessa on the west side, Kharkov and Rostov in the center, the Volga cities, and so on down to Tashkend—was slower than that between Moscow and Petrograd, and sometimes one could get nothing but third-class coaches. There was a train of some sort however, every day, and three times a week expresses. The running time between Moscow and Kiev, for instance, was two nights and a day. Once a week between Moscow and Odessa there was a train with a dining-car, but this was not particularly necessary, as there were excellent station buffets all along the way.

Not very luxurious, it may seem, and yet only the few could afford to indulge even in this. Foreigners, Government people, and the new *bourgeoisie*—"speculators" or "Nepmen" (New Economic Policy men)—were about the only ones who traveled first or second class. Ordinary people, not peasants, took the third-class cars, which are fitted with double tiers of bare wooden benches. There is a sort of unwritten law that whoever climbs into the second tier first may stretch out and have a whole shelf to himself, and the balcony is therefore preferred. The ground-floor people must make themselves comfortable as best they may. But Russians take all such things with the greatest good humor and traveling third class is much less dismal than you might expect.

Then every now and then in the famine country were the refugee trains—long strings of filthy box cars, packed with miserable people and their children and babies, freezing in winter, crawling with flies in summer, going they knew not where, except somewhere where they might find bread, and dying on the way. They choked the yards of every big station, waiting for days sometimes for a locomotive and a clear track, while the expresses went through and relief trains, bound perhaps for the very villages they had left, were given the right of way.

With the partial return to "capitalism" of the "new economic policy" the railways have been faced with difficulties similar to those which have made things difficult in many other fields. There is no normal amount of freight to bring them an income, and if they charged enough for passenger tickets to cover their expenses no one could afford to travel. The result is a sort of hybrid arrangement in which the public is charged what "the traffic will bear" and the deficit must be made up by the state—that is to say, by taxes in the end. The Government has no intention of course of giving up control of the railways, which not only perform all sorts of Government work, but are very necessary to the governing minority in their job of running the country, but this control is a heavy burden nevertheless.

Wages and salaries are kept down to a minimum, naturally, and the result is a constant tendency to graft, to make on the side what is not supplied by wages themselves. This is an old story in Russia, and so much a part of Russian tradition that people think comparatively little of it; but the barefaced way in which some of the

"THE average employee in the average industry is not ready for participation in the management."

This is Henry Ford's reply to a query as to his attitude toward industrial democracy. It appears in an interview with Henry Ford by

William L. Stidger

which will be published in The Outlook of August 1. In this revealing interview Henry Ford explains his system of profit sharing with his employees.

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minor railway employees endeavored to eke out their inadequate incomes stirred up a good deal of protest last summer and autumn. A would-be traveler would go to the ticket-office, for instance, and be told that there were no tickets. Over in the corner, meanwhile, some one with his hands full of tickets—exactly like our own dear theatrical ticket speculators—would be offering them for three times their face value!

I never saw this myself, but the Moscow papers were full at one time of protests from the provinces, and in the early winter this matter of railway graft and bribery was made a "front," as the Bolsheviks are so fond of saying, and for a time there was a drive all along the line and wholesale arrests in many of the provincial cities in the determination to do away with it.

The annoyances which every-day Russians had to endure from such conditions were spared foreign relief workers, who generally traveled for nothing in places reserved for them. The cars set aside for the A. R. A. were sometimes old sleeping-cars, clean but without bedding, and sometimes the smaller wagons ordinarily used as private cars by railway officials. They had only two or three sleeping compartments generally, and a sort of office-observation room at the rear, and with plenty of canned things and an alcohol stove one was as snug and self-contained as on his own yacht. The smaller cars were preferable, moreover, because they were lighter and had fewer wheels. The weight of a Russian train is reckoned by the number of its axles. A locomotive is expected to haul only so many, and once, in a baking little village in the southeast, I had to wait over twenty-four hours because the conductor of the up-bound Tashkend-Moscow express refused to couple on my car because he already had more than his supposed number of axles.

One interesting aspect of the railway situation in Russia is the number of the old minor officials who are still at their posts—men with a habit of work, technical knowledge, and a certain *esprit de corps* as railroaders. Without this last quality—the faithfulness of men to their particular sort of work—the A. R. A. relief would have been less successful than it was. The impossible was sometimes done simply because of the pride of the railway personnel in getting the train through, whatever the cost.

One day, in a southern Russian town, I listened to a conference between the local A. R. A. traffic man and a group of railway officials. None of these men appeared to be a Communist; the courtesy, and even formality, with which the discussion was conducted could scarcely have been exceeded in the most halcyon days of the old *régime*. The whole group, practically, now working loyally as railroaders whatever their politics might be, seemed to have come down intact from former times. In another town the Russian who acted as a sort of liaison officer between the railway and the A. R. A. was a former "boorzhooy," an engineer who had served against the Bolsheviks in Denikin's army. He was captured by the Reds, but, as he had not served in a combat unit and was willing to work, he was not shot, as so many White officers were, but was permitted to go on with his road and bridge building. Later he was captured by the Greens—a sort of bandit group which did not recognize either Reds or Whites—and finally found himself stranded, his family scattered to the winds, in one of the Black Sea ports. He had got a job with the A. R. A., and the assumption was that when the A. R. A. left he would go on serving the railway.

The Volga was, and is, one of the great commercial highways of Russia, and the trip down it from Ribinsk or Nizhni Novgorod to Astrahkan used to be one of the most delightful of Russian adventures. For ten days or so, on excellent steamboats, one swam along peacefully with the brown flood; past ancient monasteries and brown villages sprawling to the water's edge; past immense rafts of timber drifting down from the north and great oil tankers chugging slowly up-stream; past Tartars, Kirghiz, and Kalmucks, and countless tall-bowed skiffs being dragged up-stream by Volga boatmen—all the way through the heart of Russia, from the cool white birches of the north down to the blinding sun and half-Asiatic atmosphere of the Caspian and Astrahkan.

Much of this—the beauty and peace, the long lazy days, the monasteries and villages and rafts, the sense of getting into the real heart of Russia—is the same now as before. The difference is in the amount of traffic and in the steamboats themselves.

The former is of course only a fraction of what it was, and as for the latter, scores of them are simply tied up in inlets doing nothing at all. Those that are running—and from such cities as Kazan or Samara or Saratov it is always possible during the open season to get at least one boat a day—are a good deal like houses which have been commandeered and lived in by the soldiers of an invading army. The boat and the engines are there, but they are of very doubtful cleanliness and they have been stripped of almost everything movable, from electric-light bulbs to bed-springs and mattresses.

The steamers were taken over by the Soviet Government along with the railways, and are now run as Government property, but the captains have often kept their places, and these grave, bearded elderly men bring a curious echo of the old days into the new, and contrast noticeably with the ticket-taking side of the boats, which often consists of committees of three or more young men, done up, Bolshevik-fashion, in leather coats and boots or leggings, with a revolver at the hip.

Servants, waiters, and the traveling public have all undergone that social scaling down which accompanied the Revolution, and along with this every now and then are quaint outcroppings of the new "capitalistic" order. A slatternly peasant girl who has learned nothing but insolence from her trips up and down the river may or may not give your room a lick and a promise, as she happens to feel; and the next minute in the dining-room (for, even though people may be starving a few miles inland, it is always possible to get good food at very reasonable prices on the boats) some painstaking waiter in a threadbare dress suit will serve your order with all the obsequiousness of one on whose neck the "blood-sucking *bourgeoisie*" have sat for generations. Sleek "Nepmen" and their wives, Government committees, former middle-class families moving to fresh fields, queer rootless adventurers of both sexes, are on the upper deck. Down below, about the engines, crowd and sweat and scratch peasants going to market in the next town and half-starved refugees who have somehow contrived to slip aboard.

The good-natured gypsying of the Russian trains is even more characteristic of the Volga boats, and particularly in the south in the summer and early autumn. Every few miles there is a stop, and at every stop are fresh river fish and tomatoes and melons and all sort of cooked things. And nearly every one goes ashore to bargain with the peasants, whether he needs anything or not. The whole south of Russia is a great melon country, and even after snow has begun to fall in Moscow the upper decks of the up-stream Volga boats are piled with melons ripening as the steamers churn northward.

Not all of this marketing is merely for pleasure. From the captain down, few of those employed on the boats in these days can live from their wages. Their job gives them a roof and something to eat, but is principally valuable often as a chance for what the Russians nowadays call "speculation"—buying where things are cheap and selling them where they are dear. And they, like the train crews on the longer runs, are nearly all traders of some sort or other steering as best they can through the puzzling waters of this time of transition.

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THE BOOK TABLE

SHACKLETON—BOY AND MAN

BY BURT M. McCONNELL

WHAT manner of man was Sir Ernest Shackleton? Most of us have had to content ourselves with reading between the lines of his books on the Antarctic for glimpses of his personality, but this has been unsatisfactory, for Shackleton, with characteristic generosity, continually emphasizes the good qualities of his men and says little of himself. In these books we have gathered that for all his boyishness and love of mischief Shackleton was a fighter at heart, possessed of extraordinary strength, endurance, and obstinacy when the occasion demanded; that he had an abnormal love of adventure, a consuming ambition, and was generous and optimistic to a fault. But it has remained for Hugh Robert Mill, his biographer, an intimate friend for more than twenty years, and an authority on the Antarctic, to give us in an authentic Life of the explorer[1] a good idea of the spirit and personality of Shackleton and the stirring incidents of his tempestuous career—a living portrait of the man, with all his faults and eccentricities.

With the aid of Lady Shackleton, for instance, Mr. Mill reveals such family secrets as these: Although descended from sturdy Irish Quaker stock, the future explorer was known during his school days as a "scrapper;" he was *not*, by any stretch of the imagination, a credit to his teachers; he left school at the age of fifteen and became an apprentice seaman; he had a passion for poetry, particularly Browning; in later years he bore a striking resemblance to Sir Walter Raleigh; he was at one time an associate editor of a London magazine, was forever promoting business schemes that never amounted to a hill of beans, and once "stood for" Parliament. And finally we learn that he had "holystoned" many a deck and polished many a brass fitting on English ships as an apprentice seaman before he qualified as a third mate, and later as junior officer under Captain Scott.

The first Scott expedition, in Shackleton's opinion, offered a short cut to fame and, as he hoped, fortune. After months of "wire-pulling," Shackleton landed a berth as junior officer. To him, says his biographer, the expedition was an opportunity, and nothing more. For—

> He would have tried to join just as eagerly a ship bound to seek buried treasure on the Spanish Main. He had no affinity for the polar regions, no genius for scientific research. But an overmastering passion possessed him and raised his whole being on a wave of ambition which carried him to, and far beyond, the single goal he had in view.

It is on the first Scott expedition, where Shackleton was selected to accompany the leader in his dash for the South Pole, that we first find ourselves in touch with a cool spot these warm July days—the vast white, jagged, inhospitable Antarctic desert. We understand the zeal and enthusiasm which carry the party forward to 82° 15′ S.—207 miles nearer the South Pole than their immediate predecessors. We follow with apprehension their dreary march of a few miles a day, and are filled with solicitude as snow-blindness and scurvy attack them and the dogs die or are killed to feed the survivors. A hemorrhage and an attack of scurvy result in Shackleton being invalided home at the first opportunity.

Photo by Swaine

MAJOR SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON, C.V.O.

Back in London Shackleton, now a hero, marries the girl who has been waiting for him and settles down—apparently. Soon, however, he began to plan his first Antarctic expedition. According to Dr. Mill:

> He often tried to explain, but with little success, the inducements that drew him away from the company of his fellows and the comforts of home. It was his nature to push into the unknown, to take great risks, to make quick decisions and sudden changes of plan. His nature impelled him always to be doing things, preferably dangerous and difficult things, above all, big things, and to be doing them with all his might. The greater the obstacles to be overcome, the more he was pleased. He was essentially a fighter, afraid of nothing and of nobody.
>
> If Shackleton had lived in the sixteenth century, he might well have been knighted on the quarterdeck of his ship. Or he might equally well have been beheaded in the Tower of London. He certainly would have cut a dashing figure and made devoted friends and bitter enemies in those days. But in these days there was no printed label that fitted him. His life was like a mighty rushing wind, and the very strength of his nature made him enemies as well as friends. In many ways he was always a boy, and that boy was often possessed by a spirit of pure mischief.
>
> But Shackleton was human before everything. He was often pleased with himself, and as often disappointed. He has been called vain and open to flattery, but he had a keen scent for insincerity, and he hated a hypocrite. As a son, a brother, a husband, and a father he showed a wealth of love and tenderness. Of course Shackleton made leeway while beating to windward across the ocean of life, but he kept his eye on the compass, and he never let go the helm.

After "tackling seventy-odd rich men," as Shackleton put it, he was able to launch his first expedition. At a point 113 miles from the South Pole he was compelled by shortage of rations to turn back, but he had beaten the Scott record of seven years before by 366 miles. Three years later Scott reached the Pole, only to perish on the return journey. And death had crept terribly close to Shackleton's party when they came upon one of their food depots. One of his parties had pushed its way, against almost insurmountable obstacles, to the South Magnetic Pole, and had returned safely. In fact, points out Dr. Mill:

> Perhaps the greatest triumph of all was to bring back the expedition without the loss of a single life or permanent injury to the health of any member. And this must not be put down to chance. Shackleton certainly was amazingly fortunate in escaping disaster, not once or twice, but almost daily. He and his followers seem to have led a charmed life, but looking closely we may see that in almost every case escape and

[1] The Life of Sir Ernest Shackleton. By Hugh Robert Mill. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $5.

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safety followed on a quick decision by the leader.

He had failed to reach the Pole, but probably no explorer ever woke up to find himself so universally famous. Returning to England by way of Australia, he gave lectures throughout that Commonwealth, and with reckless generosity handed over the proceeds to local hospitals and charities, although his own expedition was heavily in debt. Great Britain, however, was so impressed with Shackleton's achievement that Parliament granted him $100,000 with which to meet his obligations, and this was followed by knighthood. Then came lectures before European geographical societies, and a lengthy tour of Italy, Austria, Hungary, Russia, and Germany. In Berlin, we are told:

> A private lecture was given in English at Herr Dernburg's house, for the special benefit of the Kaiser, who appeared in the uniform of a British Admiral of the Fleet, and who was deeply interested and very genial. He had his views on Antarctic exploration, believing that Shackleton would have had better success if he had kept more to the west on his journey toward the Pole. With this the explorer, regardless of etiquette, bluntly disagreed.
>
> "Did you shoot any bears in the Antarctic?" asked the Kaiser.
>
> "There are no bears in the Antarctic, sir," Shackleton replied.
>
> "Why not?" countered the Kaiser.

Once, while lecturing in New York City the following year, Shackleton walked to his hotel in a pouring rain from a place four miles away. His naïve excuse was that he could not find a taxicab, would not ride in the "tube" under any consideration, and that the "tramcars" appeared to be dangerous. Which reminds me, if I may digress for a moment, of an experience of Storkersen's.

Storkersen, who was Stefansson's right-hand man on his longest ice journeys, lived with me in New York for a few weeks when he first returned to civilization after an absence of twelve years. One morning, at his request, I gave him explicit directions for finding the American Geographical Society building—a three-minute walk to the subway, which would land him within a block of the Society. When I saw him that evening, I asked if he had had any trouble. No; he hadn't had any trouble, but he might have had if he had tried to find the subway, so he had taken a taxicab the entire distance—five miles. On another occasion he drove up to a hotel in a taxicab, told the driver to wait, promptly forgot that he had done so, went to sleep, and the next morning found the chauffeur still waiting! Storkersen never would tell the amount of that taxi bill. These explorers!

But to return to Shackleton. The announcement of plans for a second expedition brought some five thousand applications from adventurous young men. These Shackleton filed

MEMORIAL CAIRN AT GRYTVIKEN

away under such labels as "Mad," "Hopeless," and "Possible." Eventually he chose a staff of comparatively young men. But Fate seized the wheel of his ship, the Endurance; she was beset by the ice at a point some 1,500 miles from the nearest inhabited island, South Georgia, and 1,600 miles from the Falklands.

The one expedition which fully reveals Shackleton, and which will survive for all time in the annals of heroism, is this one, which in a sense was a complete failure. The sickening sight of their once splendid ship slipping into the depths; the laborious progress of the wretched survivors over immense pressure ridges; the cheerless discovery that they were drifting backward faster than they could move toward land over the rough ice—all this has been told. The ice melted and broke up, sometimes directly beneath their tents. Some of the men were badly frost-bitten, and all were in a state of distress. Surely a situation to try the capabilities of any leader!

Finally, when the cake of ice on which their camp was pitched had dwindled to an approximate width of a hundred yards and drifted to within a hundred miles of Elephant Island, Shackleton decided that he would launch the three whale-boats and make for the island. Wet to the skin, tortured with thirst, their clothing in tatters and crusted with ice, half starved, and unable to shift their cramped positions for fear of upsetting the boats, the shipwrecked explorers finally reached the north coast of Elephant Island. Here Shackleton, after eight sleepless nights, lay down on the beach, regardless of wind and weather, and slept. "During the boat journey," we are told, "his optimism alone upheld his followers."

But no relief expedition, Shackleton well knew, would look for them on this bleak and uninhabited island; he must hasten to the Norwegian whaling station at South Georgia, 800 miles away, for help. Moreover, it must be obtained before winter set in; before the island was surrounded by thousands of square miles of impenetrable icefields.

Taking five of his best men, including Worsley, a skilled navigator, and leaving twenty-two encamped on the island, Shackleton set out in a 22-foot whale-boat for South Georgia. This was like looking for the proverbial needle in a haystack, but two weeks of exceptionally fine navigation on the part of Worsley brought the mountains of the island into view. Plans to rescue his men were immediately set afoot, but the first three attempts were frustrated by unfavorable ice conditions. During this time Shackleton found time to write to his daughter as follows:

> This is a funny little ship I am on now; we all live in a small cabin, and the water comes down through the cracks, and all the time she rolls about. We are very short of water, and have not been able to wash for three weeks. But that is nothing, for I went without washing from October last year until May of this year, and did not have my clothes off from August, 1915, till May, 1916.

For the fourth attempt the Chilean Government loaned Shackleton a sturdy tug, and after two months of unremitting effort he had the supreme satisfaction of finding his men on Elephant Island, safe and well.

Despite his years of hardship and suffering, Shackleton organized a fourth expedition in 1920. But he died peacefully of angina pectoris in the harbor of Grytviken, South Georgia, January 5, 1922. Here he was buried, as Lady Shackleton knew he would have wished to be, and here his comrades heaped together a great cairn, surmounted by a cross and cemented into solid rock. As Dr. Mill observes:

> Since the road of loving hearts was hewed by Stevenson's native friends to his mountain grave in Samoa, no memorial has been put together more notable in its tribute of devotion than this rough pile of native stone.

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THE NEW BOOKS

POETRY

POEMS FROM LIFE. Edited and Introduced by Oliver Herford. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

A season ago there appeared a volume entitled "Poems from Punch," and it was therefore to be expected that not many months would skip by before the American substitute for "Punch" would be represented in the same way. The collection of verse which Oliver Herford has edited and introduced in "Poems from Life" compares favorably with the English volume. Although the verses are undeniably lacking in that mellow finish and occupy a lesser position from a literary view-point, they are much funnier. Indeed, that is the prime difference between English light verse and American light verse. The English brand is rich in humor, gay, essentially *vers de société;* the American is frankly comical, more topical in its appeal, and, necessarily, more transient. One smiles agreeably at the English stanzas; the American verses occasion actual guffaws. The list of authors in "Poems from Life" is a long one, among them being Franklin P. Adams, Arthur Guiterman, Baron Ireland, George S. Chappell, Dorothy Parker, R. E. Sherwood, Oliver Herford, and Stoddard King. It should be noted that these names are not set down as the prime contributors to the volume, but merely as representative.

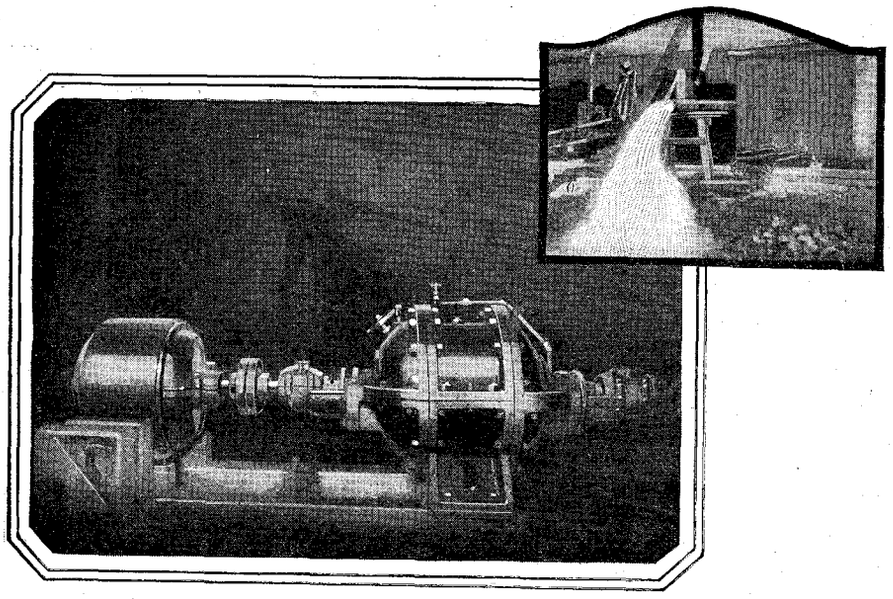
ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

SUSPENDED JUDGMENTS. By John Cowper Powys. The American Library Service, New York. $3.

The republication of this volume of essays is well worth while, for Mr. Powys has much to say of authentic value concerning the great men who are the subjects of these critical considerations. With a fine adjustment of standards, he approaches the figures of such masters as Montaigne, Pascal, Voltaire, Rousseau, Balzac, Victor Hugo, Anatole France, William Blake, Byron, and Henry James, and considers them in their major aspects. It is the real spirit of the man that he seeks to attain in each essay, and all of the man's books and actions become but mere gestures toward that actual self. Together with this revelation of the minds and spirits of great men goes an attempt to disengage the meaning and music of life. Therefore it is more often than not a philosophical approach on the part of Mr. Powys. Ludwig Lewisohn has contributed a short essay to this new edition of "Suspended Judgments."

THIRTEEN WORTHIES. By Llewellyn Powys. The American Library Service, New York. $1.75.

Mr. Powys, a younger brother of John Cowper Powys, follows in his better-known relative's footsteps in "Thirteen Worthies." Here is a series of essays on Chaucer, de Montaigne, Christopher Marlowe, Coryat, Urquhart, Izaak Walton, Bunyan, Nicholas Culpeper, Beau Nash, John Woolman, Thomas Bewick, William Barnes, and Thomas Hardy which might almost be taken as an annex to "Suspended Judgments." The author of "Thirteen Worthies," however, differs from his brother in that his eye is more intently fixed upon the picturesque aspects of his subjects. He is more concerned with presenting a personality than he is in concentrating the philosophical content of his subject's life and work. There is often a rich humor in the essayist's remarks, and his prose is always of that neatly cadenced order that induces to lingering reading. Nothing new is squeezed out of these essays on well-known figures, but much that is old is represented in the most charming fashion.



Who started this pump?

Nobody. A tiny stream of water trickled into the mine. Faster it came, touching the float switch of the G-E Automatic Starter. Instantly the great pump went into action.

In subways, coal mines, railway tunnels, the pumps are always ready, and the lives of millions of people are kept safe by this General Electric invention—a sentinel who never sleeps.

Whatever *your* industry may be, the scientists and engineers of General Electric Company are at work in it, discovering new ways by which electricity can lighten human labor and protect human life. The experience and counsel of these men is at your command, without obligation or cost.

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

TWO KINDS OF INCOME

IF two men living side by side each has an income of $5,000 a year, most people would say that financially they are on the same footing. Possibly they are. On the other hand, if one man's $5,000 is derived from current earnings—such as salary—and the other's income is from invested funds, they are not in the same financial position at all. Suppose, for the sake of conservatism, that the man receiving his income from investments gets 5 per cent on his money; he has $100,000 worth of securities. The salaried man may have no securities whatsoever.

If the salaried man stops working or loses his position, his income stops automatically. The other man, provided his funds are well invested, is able to do no work at all and yet his income continues right on at the same amount year after year; he is therefore in a position to spend every cent of his income if he chooses, and if $5,000 a year is all the money he desires for his living need save

Safety—and Safe Interest Rates

TO the conservative August investor, the current Straus Bond offerings hold out sound, attractive, and well diversified investment possibilities. First and foremost, they afford you—

Safety—intrinsically sound securities, backed by a record of 41 years without loss or delay in payment to any investor, selected and safeguarded by the largest, most expert, and most thoroughly equipped organization of its kind in the United States.

Safe Interest Rates—6 to 6½%, the largest rate on first mortgage bonds under present conditions consistent with conservatism and real safety.

These bonds are secured by properties diversified from the Atlantic to the Pacific. They are in $1000, $500 and $100 amounts, and are offered in serial maturities from two to about twenty years. Write today for August offerings. Ask for

BOOKLET H-1305

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41 YEARS WITHOUT LOSS TO ANY INVESTOR

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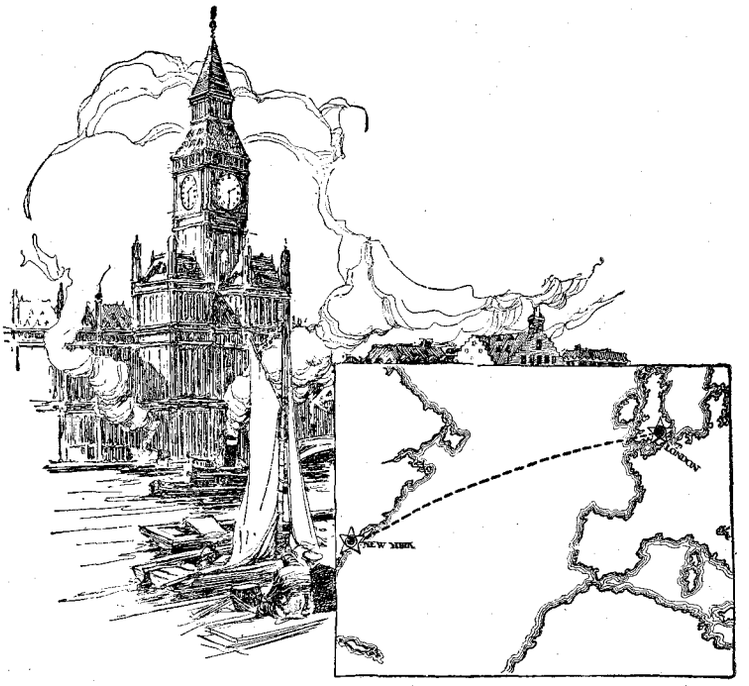
nothing. Between him and want there are $100,000 worth of sound securities. The salaried man has nothing laid up against the rainy day unless he saves out of his salary, and, under the circumstances, he is foolish if he does not make proper provision. He cannot, or should not, spend all of his income, and, while on the face of things he may seem to be financially as well off as his neighbor, actually he is in a far more unfavorable position. His position may be a precarious one, while his neighbor's is fundamentally sound.

Few people, we believe, will quarrel with this conclusion, and the point we should like to consider, therefore, is what the salaried man should do about it. Obviously, he must save a portion of what he earns, and save it regularly. If he has a family, he owes them protection, and the best method yet devised of affording protection of this sort is by means of life insurance. Many people do not consider life insurance a good method of saving money, but, leaving this point out of the discussion, how else is a man without resources going to furnish protection for those dependent upon him for their living? There are straight life policies for those who look upon life insurance as protection and nothing else. There are endowment policies for those who wish protection and who want to save money at the same time. Such a man as we have described should have life insurance of some sort.

The argument has been used in favor of life insurance that it compels regular and systematic saving. This is a potent argument too, for human beings constituted as they are usually need some spur to make them save, an act which involves hardship and frequent self-denial for which optimistic mortals cannot always see the necessity.

Another method of saving which calls for regularity is the partial payment plan for buying securities. This too has its excellent points and has been employed with marked success by thousands of small investors. The partial payment plan varies with the house offering it, but in general it calls for a small initial cash payment and regular monthly installments thereafter until the bond or shares of stock are paid for in full. The banker advances the difference between the initial payment and the selling price of the security, and the customer pays interest on this loan. Any dividends or interest received on the investment are credited to the customer's account, however, so that his indebtedness is regularly reduced by these amounts. This plan provides for saving, not protection—at least not beyond the actual amount saved plus accumulated interest or dividends.

There are savings banks of course,



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By 9:50—just twenty minutes after the telephone call—the money was on deposit in a London bank.

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During the past year the Financial Editor of The Outlook has helped hundreds of Outlook readers to solve intelligently their particular investment problems. Perhaps you are contemplating a shifting of your present holdings or have fresh funds to invest. In either case we shall be glad to give you specific information on any securities in which you may be interested. A nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service.

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

and for the man with small resources there are few safer places for his money. The interest paid by savings banks is not as much as can be obtained in other ways, but to compensate for this the depositor's money is carefully safeguarded by State laws prescribing just what kinds of investments the directors of the bank can make with it. How many people can recall savings bank failures? There is no better place for small sums, and money so deposited is always available on a moment's notice in case of need. Of course there is nothing to compel regular deposits in a savings bank, but if a man will save regularly and of his own free will that is all the more to his credit.

A fourth method of saving is provided by the building and loan associations, and there are thousands of them scattered throughout the country. To our mind, it is difficult to find a better way of saving money, the only points to make certain of being that the management and local conditions are of a sort to justify faith in the success of the particular association. We quote from the constitution of a building and loan association with which we are familiar: "It shall have for its object the assistance of its members in acquiring real estate, making improvements thereon, and removing encumbrances therefrom by the payment of monthly installments; and the accumulation of a fund to be returned . . . to its members who do not obtain advances, when the funds of a series of the Association to which such member belongs shall amount to $200 a share." When a man subscribes for shares, he pays in one dollar each month for each share and continues these payments until the shares reach their ultimate value of $200. Suppose a man subscribes for ten shares; he pays ten dollars a month until the shares mature, when he receives $2,000. Usually it takes ten to twelve years for the shares to mature, so that the subscriber actually pays in from $1,200 to $1,440, and receives back from $560 to $800 more than he pays in. The money paid each month by the subscribers is loaned out, and the borrower starts to pay it back at once, and his payments also continue regularly each month until the loan is repaid. The "turnover" is very fast, and earnings, consequently, average an exceedingly good rate.

A further quotation from the same constitution referred to, and which is typical, follows: "Members desiring to withdraw from the Association shall be allowed the net amount of money paid in on their stock until the end of the first year, after which fifty per cent of the apportioned profits

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Of that $22,000 only $4,800 is principal paid by the investor. All the rest—$17,200—is compound interest.

An important feature of our Investment Savings Plan is that it pays 6½% or 7% compound interest on all partial payments. That makes it valuable to large investors as well as to small investors. It does away with the "idle funds" problem.

Another important feature is our MONEY BACK GUARANTEE of principal and savings bank interest that protects you if for any reason you are unable to complete your purchase. You are not required to make monthly payments if it is more convenient for you to pay at longer intervals.

Give some thought and study to this question of systematic saving. Let us send you our illustrated booklet, "How To Build An Independent Income." It will be sent free of charge and without obligation, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that it comes from a House that has a record of *50 years of proven safety in the Nation's Capital.*

Denominations: $100, $500, $1,000
Maturities: 2 to 15 years
State and Federal Tax Free Features

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Founded 1873

FIRST MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS
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No loss to any investor in 50 years

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT
(Continued)

shall be allowed, fifty-five per cent after the second year, and so on increasingly at the rate of five per cent for each additional year."

We know of a business recently started which entailed an investment of $25,000. The management wants to get this investment back, and are doing it by taking out 125 shares of building and loan stock which at $200 a share will pay $25,000 upon maturity. If it takes eleven years for the shares to mature, this means that at an expenditure of $16,500 the original investment of $25,000 will be repaid. We know of a man who every year for the past ten years has taken ten shares of building and loan stock. The first series is now about due, and another series will mature each year for ten years, meaning that this man will receive $2,000 a year for ten years. The maximum cost to him in any one year was $100 a month. It is worth considering.

If a man really wants to save, he will allow his savings to accumulate. That is to say, he will not spend the interest and dividends received, but turn them back into the principal, and if he will continue to do this for a few years he will be agreeably surprised to see how quickly the amount he has put by will begin to pile up. In the case of life insurance, dividends can be used to buy paid-up insurance.

Saving loses its point when its purpose is fulfilled, which happens when a man has accumulated funds sufficient to take care of his family and himself when his earning period is ended. When that time comes, he need save no more. Sad to relate, very few ever find themselves in this happy position.

WORKING GIRLS' VACATION SOCIETY

DO the people realize how many working-girls of the metropolis have incipient tubercular and cardiac troubles?

The Working Girls' Vacation Society is trying to help these girls who must work for their living under such dreadful conditions.

The funds of the Society are inadequate to do all that is needed.

Therefore the Society appeals to its friends and the public for money to carry on the work this summer, so that these New York girls may have fresh air, good food, and medical care.

Contributions, large and small, are asked, and may be sent to the office of the Society, 105 East 22d St., Room 416.

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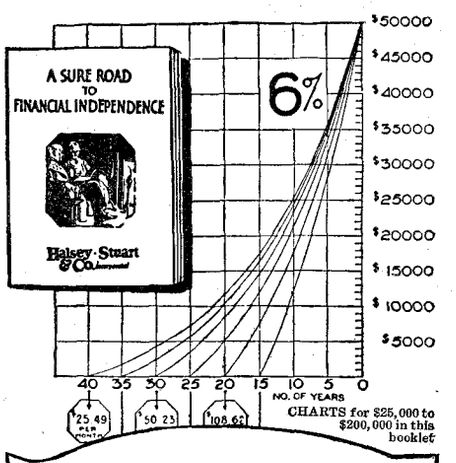
Through Systematic Investing



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The opportunity to do this is afforded by the Halsey, Stuart & Co. Investment Plan. It is used increasingly by investors of large and small means. Years of usage have established its soundness and convenience.

The investor under this plan gets bonds of the highest grade — issues underwritten by ourselves — the kind which meet the safety requirements of Banks and Insurance Companies.

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The management makes every effort to have guests regard this hotel as a real *home* while in New York.
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EDGEWOOD at KEENE VALLEY, N. Y.
A comfortable, refined home, good beds, eats, and airy rooms. Rates $18–$21. Mrs. W. H. Otis.

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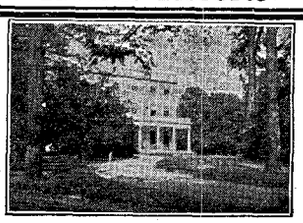

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Adirondack Cottage $90 per month for August and September. Furnished. Running water. Jersey milk, fresh vegetables, ice. Garage. Swimming in river. A. WARD, Jay, N. Y.

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The house contains twelve rooms, three baths, lavatory, electric light, and steam heat. There are on the property also a cottage, with bath and electricity, and a garage and cow barn. About two and a half acres of land afford ample room for garden. Many shade and fruit trees. Views of mountains and river. Address
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GIRLS' SUMMER CAMP, exceptional location, choice small clientele, seeks capable investing partner with minimum of $10,000 and suitable following. 3,998, Outlook.

AUTOMOBILE accessory store and oil and gas filling station in suburb on main highway out of New York. $2,000 cash needed; $1,000 balance notes. Answer 4,023, Outlook.

SAFE 8% FIRST MORTGAGE INCOME CERTIFICATES additionally secured, tax exempted, quarterly payments. Permanent or reconvertible. Ask circulars. Home Building & Loan Co., Jacksonville, Fla.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

MISS RICHARDS' BUREAU. Co-operative placement service. Superintendents, matrons, housekeepers, dietitians, companions, governesses, secretaries, social workers. Box 5, East Side, Providence.

HOPKINS' Educational Agency, 507 Fifth Ave., New York. Governesses, nurses, housekeepers, graduate nurses, secretaries, dietitians, teachers.

HOME COMFORT

UNUSUALLY GOOD FISHING, modern conveniences, in quaint, artistic home for sale on Lake Androscoggin, Maine. Big electric-lighted barn for boys' or girls' camp. Owners, 3,963, Outlook.

STATIONERY

UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for any type of correspondence. 200 sheets high grade note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address postpaid $1.50. Samples on request. You can buy cheaper stationery, but do you want to? Lewis, 284 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay; fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite 5842, Washington, D. C.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Housekeeper and companion for widower living in suburban town within commuting distance of New York City. Very comfortable home for right person. No children. Keep other help. Write full particulars. Must have best of references. 4,017, Outlook.

WANTED—Competent woman used to children to assist in care of boy three and girl one and a half in New York residential suburb. An educated woman is needed who will be mother's helper where maids also are employed. Employment to begin September first if possible. 4,014, Outlook.

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Working housekeeper, gentleman's country place. 3 adults. No washing. State wages. Dr. J. C. Morris, West Chester, Pa. R. D. 5.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED AT ONCE: Young lady, Protestant, experienced. Teacher for girl, nine. Country. Good reference. Salary sixty dollars a month. Please send picture. Box 15, Fairville, Chester County, Pa.

WANTED, in September, tutor for three children, 9, 10, and 11 years old, doing 4th, 5th, and 6th grade work. Will be in New Hampshire until December, rest of winter in Arizona. Must like out-of-door life and be able to handle horses. In reply give experience and history in detail. Give references, age, and state salary desired. 4,009, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

NURSE (undergraduate) desires position as nurse to invalid child (mental or otherwise). Long experience. Excellent references. 4,001, Outlook.

PUBLIC health nurse, seven years' experience. All branches. Can organize. 4,002, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED graduate nurse desires position in college, school, or as matron of children's institution. 4,011, Outlook.

Business Situations

COLLEGE woman with experience in music departments of A rank colleges, seeks position where one of her qualifications is needed as an executive, as well as educationally and socially. Personal interview may be had in New York City. Reply 3,977, Outlook.

REFINED American Protestant woman of experience would like position supervising school dining room, small club, or cafeteria. Ready about September 15. References. 4,016, Outlook.

COLLEGE girl wishes clerical work in evenings with cultured people. 4,021, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

RESPONSIBLE young woman, experienced traveler, returning from New York to Pacific coast August 15, will assume care of child or elderly person. References. 3 999, Outlook.

REFINED young woman desires summer position, companion to child in country. 4,000, Outlook.

COMPANION or teacher-governess. Refined, educated, Protestant young lady. Best references. 4,006, Outlook.

CULTURED woman as companion. Tastes artistic and literary. Would travel. 4,003, Outlook.

AMERICAN Protestant woman desires position as mother's helper where other help is kept. State salary. 4,008, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

CULTURED woman, experienced traveler, speaking French, Italian, would travel with lady or chaperon young girl for leisurely travel or study abroad. References. Miss Wilkinson, North Ridgewood, Daytona, Fla.

EXPERIENCED housekeeper who can drive car, direct servants, and understands care of children wishes position as managing head of a home. References. 4,015, Outlook.

HOUSEMOTHER—Gentlewoman, capable, successful with young people, institutional experience, wishes position in girls' school. Advantageous terms in return for daughter's tuition. Box 5, East Side, Providence.

WANTED — Position as housemother Protestant school, boys. Box 973, Chautauqua, N. Y.

Teachers and Governesses

TUTOR, with experience in normal school work, wishes position as tutor. Will travel. 4,004, Outlook.

ENGLISH lady desires position as governess with family going to Europe this fall. Entire charge of one or two children. Lessons, outdoor games. Excellent references. Experienced traveler. Age 28. M. K. Middleton, Post Office, Easthampton, Long Island.

NURSERY governess, young American Protestant, wishes position. Eight years' experience in New York with children over two. Position now or September. 4,012, Outlook.

CULTURED Virginia tutor desires position. Would travel. Experienced. 4,022, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-in Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan. Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

WANTED—Young women to take 9 months' course in training for the care of chronic and convalescent invalids. Apply Superintendent, F. E. Parker Home, New Brunswick, N. J.

SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things, services free. References. Miss Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

A former kindergartner and trained nurse will take into their pleasant country home and give their personal care to one or two children under ten. 4,007, Outlook.

WILL board limited number of children during summer. Farm, near Kent, Conn. Experienced woman in charge. Sleeping-porch. Tuberculin tested Jersey cow. Spring water. References exchanged. 3,309, Outlook.

TWO PAISLEY shawls for sale. 4,018, Outlook.

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THE OUTLOOK can use good amateur photographs of interesting and timely scenes or events. We pay $3 for each one accepted, if suitable for a half page or smaller; $5 if selected for full-page reproduction. We especially want snapshots made by the person submitting the photographs, but they should have special news or artistic qualities to make them useful to us. Purchased post-card photographs of travel scenes are not desired, nor clipped pictures from other publications. Copyrighted photographs (if the copyright is held by some one other than the sender) are not available. Do not send films, but good prints only. Postage should be inclosed for return of photographs if not available for our use.

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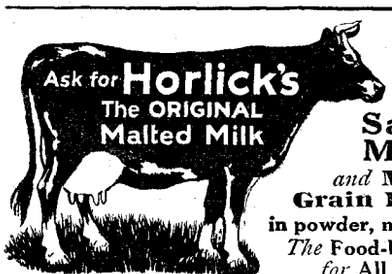

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BY THE WAY

DR. DITMARS, of the New York Zoölogical Park, never lets his temper rise over the tricks of his animals. He tells in the "American Magazine" about two pet monkeys he kept in his home. One day they got loose, when the family were out. They had the time of their lives. Everything upstairs was brought downstairs, and *vice versa*. All the closets and drawers were emptied. Vases, rugs, and books were scattered about. Flowerpots had been joyously pushed off shelves. Spools of thread had been unwound and trailed all over the house. The monkeys had swung from the electric lights till all the fuses in the house were burnt out and all the pull chains were broken. The house was "the last word in chaos," and it took a week for domestic help, electricians, glaziers, and carpenters to put it in order. But the culprits were never even scolded. "They had done their monkey work with the utmost good nature and merely in a spirit of play."

"One thing that makes us think the world is on the upward trend," says the Osborn (Missouri) "Enterprise," "is that parents mind their children better now than they used to."

Africa is now the chief source of the world's diamonds; in the last forty years 75,000 pounds of the gems are said to have been found there. Before the eighteenth century India was almost the sole source of supply. The Brazilian fields discovered in the eighteenth century have produced about 5,500 pounds. Altogether it is computed that about forty-two tons of diamonds exist in the world to-day—not counting the stores that may still lie undiscovered in the diamond mines of the future.

Even the stoutest oak timbers decay in the course of the centuries. The roof of Westminster Hall in London has recently been repaired, as it was found that its timbers had been eaten away by the larva of the death-watch beetle (*Xestobium tessellatum*) until they were no longer safe. All of the original timber of this roof, it is stated by English papers, was of British pedunculate oak from the Sussex weald, felled in the years 1393–6, and probably growing since the eighth century.

A woman motorist, writing in the "Rural New Yorker," tells women drivers that in case of trouble "a quiet dignity will accomplish more for you in face of the rudeness or profanity of a fellow-motorist or the objurgations of a traffic cop than all the bluster, slang, or so-called snappy comebacks ever thought of." Illustrating this assertion, she says that she once saw two cars scrape each other's fenders in passing. The driver of the speeding car rushed back to a car standing still near the scene of the accident (a car that was manned by a woman) and began to roar at her in a way calculated to stampede a timid member of her sex: "Don't you know you are responsible for that accident? You shouldn't be allowed to drive if you don't know the rules of the road better than that," and more in the same strain. She gave him a level look and in a cool and unmistakably well-bred voice said: "Pardon; please stand aside, as I am about to start my car. You have chosen the wrong person to intimidate this time." "The man's departure," the story concludes, "might be described by the use of the word *slunk*."

A little book entitled "Your Telephone—The Voice of Your Business," urges business houses to use the greatest care in choosing telephone operators. The author says that in almost all cases the person who calls an office by telephone forms his opinion of the entire concern at once by the treatment received from the telephone operator. Among the suggestions offered for expediting telephone messages is this: "Announce your name at once. Don't say 'Hello.' It is estimated that if the habit of saying 'Hello' were eliminated, approximately one second would be saved at each of the five million calls handled daily by the New York City Telephone Company." Five million seconds, reduced to days, makes about 58, or nearly two months.

From the Chicago "Phœnix:"

One day, as I chanced to pass,
A beaver was damming a river,
And a man who had run out of gas
Was doing the same to his flivver.

Millions of dollars rest nonchalantly on the workers' desks in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, according to an article in the "American Printer," yet no guards are placed anywhere, and no one among the six thousand employees is ever searched. The money is kept under a strict accounting system, and every one is held to a rigorous accountability for the bills which are handled by him. It takes thirty days to complete one note. The highest denomination is $10,000, and there are only a few of these in circulation. Every day $20,000,000 in greenbacks are printed.

From "Judge:"

"Well, and what did you think of the beauties of the Maine woods?"

"Didn't see a single girl after leaving the depot!"

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